

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 21, 1975 75 CENTS

A MAGNIFICENT MASTERS

Jack Nicklaus Wins His Fifth



Announcing More a new experience in cigarettes.



Put your cigarette against it.

What's More? It's a whole new look in cigarettes. A whole new feel. A whole new length.

More is more by design.

It's the first 120 mm cigarette. It was conceived and engineered to give you an all-new smoking experience.

It's a longer and leaner cigarette. (Which makes it look terrific.)

It smokes slower and draws easy for more enjoyment. (Which means more time for those relaxing moments.)

It's More. With over 50% more puffs than a 100 mm cigarette. Yet More doesn't cost more. (Which means more for your money.) And because More is more flavorful (yet surprisingly mild), it will be one of the most satisfying smoking experiences you'll ever have.

New Filter More.
Like no cigarette that ever was.

Because More is a cigarette that offers so much more, we felt it should look like more, too. So we've put it in an all-new cigarette wrap that's a handsome burnished brown.



More. It looks like more. It tastes like more. It's more in every way except price.

More. It sits neat in your hand like it was made for it and fits your face like it found a home.

New Menthol More.
It's a cooling blast.

If you like menthol, now you can have More Menthol.

More Menthol gives you more coolness, more tobacco enjoyment. It's the new 120 mm menthol cigarette that starts with a blast, and cruises you through the longest, slowest-burning, coolest-smoking experience you've ever had.

And just like More Filters, More Menthol gives you more for your money.

Over 50% more puffs than a 100 mm menthol cigarette.

More Menthol. Long, lean and burnished brown, it looks as cool as it smokes.

More Menthol. You don't have to pay more to get it. And once you've got it, you'll wonder where it's been all your life.

The first 120mm cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Filter, Menthol 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine-av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1975 Polaroid Corporation Polaroid® SX-70™



One pack of film and you're in love.



We make the parts
that make the bike.

For the parts that can make your bike a better bike, ask for Shimano dealerships, light alloy hubs, shifting levers, front chainwheels, multi- freewheels and caliper brakes. SHIMANO AMERICAN CORPORATION, 1133 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036-2182-596-2350. SHIMANO SALES CORPORATION, 8059 San Fernando Road, San Valley, California 91352-213-767-7777.

 SUPPORT BIKECENTENNIAL '76

Hand poured, hand cast, hand polished, hand masked, hand blasted, hand buffed. Hand turned, hand sawed, hand drilled, hand reamed, hand sanded, hand routed, hand faced, hand soled, hand scored. Hand shafted, hand trimmed, hand balanced, hand cleaned, hand streaked, hand weighted, hand stained, hand filled, hand varnished, hand painted, hand gripped, hand whipped, hand banded.



Our new Maxfli® clubs combine meticulous old-fashioned hand craftsmanship with modern technology and engineering.

Maxfli Irons are investment cast, for consistency, in 431 stainless steel. Hard enough to resist marking, while retaining "feel." Blades are slightly offset, with a clean, short hosel that allows us to redistribute weight around the perimeter of the face, enlarging the sweet spot for greater accuracy.

Maxfli Woods are sleek, elegant, with an exclusive two-piece soleplate that puts heavier brass around the perimeter for perfect weighting. The driver and fairway woods are

shallow-faced, with perfect roll.

Let your hands discover all that our hands have done. One swing, and you'll know exactly what "feel" is. And perfect balance. Consistency, club to club. A sense of complete control that your hands can translate into distance or finesse. Once you've held our new Maxfli clubs, you'll never be satisfied with ordinary golf clubs again.

 **Maxfli Clubs**
DUNLOP
Quality Through Golf Professionals

DUNLOP SPORTS COMPANY Division of Dunlop Tire & Rubber Corp. Buffalo, N.Y.

PIRELLI

One of the world's largest rubber companies.
A pioneer in the development
of radial tires for American cars and imports.
Perfection of sectionally-molded,
x-ray inspected steel-belted radial tires.

PIRELLI TIRE CORPORATION
600 THIRD AVE., NYC 10016

Guess whose tires
were picked numero uno
for 2 straight years
by Car & Driver Magazine.
Firestone? No...
Goodyear? No...
Goodrich? No...
Michelin? No...
Uniroyal? No...

Answer:

PIRELLI

CONTENTS

APRIL 21, 1975 Volume 42, No. 16

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

28 The Once and Future League

Temporarily deflated, the World Football League was last bustled and left for dead at the end of its financially disastrous first season. Now a wealthy, ex-squawkin wheeler-dealer named Chris Clemmeyer is huffing and puffing and blowing life back into the league and into future is taking shape.

by Joe Marshall

18 You're All Right, Jack

Jack Nicklaus edged Johnny Miller and Tom Waiskopf to win a record fifth Masters

by Dan Jenkins

24 Pinstripes and Needles

The new-look Yankees had their sophomore rocky beginning to their season

by Ron Flearie

36 Exercise You Later, Alligator

Swashbuckling inventor Arthur Jones has turned now to rebuilding bodies

by Barry McDermott

44 Rollerball

The sport drew 8,500 to a snafu playoff in Munich, but will it ever play in Poland?

by Clive Gammon

50 In the Land of the Giants

Our intrepid manager bears witness to miracles. Mays, Thompson and Rhoads

by Leo Durocher with Ed Linn

84 Getting into the Picture

Women have a voice in sportscasting, so TV has a first lady plus ladies in waiting

by Curry Kirkpatrick



Michael Ransau

The departments

14 Scorecard

66 TV/Radio

71 Baseball

Credits on page 101

78 Pro Basketball

101 For the Record

102 19th Hole

Next Week

THE BIGGEST TEST in baseball pits the San Francisco Giants against the Los Angeles Dodgers in a slugfest and fightin' through an early season slump—right smack as if the Dodgers' front line is broken. Ron Flearie to report.

RACKET-BUSTING Frank Deford, a basketball writer and spokesman of the game's oldest traditions, suggests that though there isn't much room for change in the WCJ and basketball, it may be needed to improve the sport.

A mellow way to end the day.

Whenever you serve our brandy, you will enjoy the good mellow taste that is ours alone. It starts with choice, sun-ripened grapes which we make into a special wine. Various styles of brandy are distilled from it and left to age in oaken casks. Finally, the brandies are blended with care and pride so each sip has our same unique, light flavor. A tradition of quality we will never change.

Master Timothy J.S.C.

— J. ARMSTRONG
THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
VALLEY, CALIFORNIA





Your lawn mower inspired a new kind of grass.

The grass is Pennfine Perennial Ryegrass. Pennsylvania State University developed it. Your lawn mower inspired it.

Penn State's turf agronomists set out to breed a fine-leaved perennial ryegrass that could stand up to your mower and look good, cutting after cutting, all summer long. Pennfine is the grass they were after.

Ordinary ryegrasses take a rough, ragged cut. This leaves stringy, fibrous ends which quickly turn brown. When that happens, your lawn loses its well-groomed look. No amount of water or fertilizer can bring it back.

Pennfine is completely different. It was bred for soft fibres that take



a smooth, clean cut. And when the cut is clean, the grass stays green.

You'll find Pennfine in high quality grass seed mixtures and sod. And, because even the best lawn mowers can be tough on grass, it's worth looking for. That's clean-cutting Pennfine Perennial Ryegrass.

If buying your own phone equipment is such a good deal, why don't more companies do it?



If you haven't already been approached by someone who wants to sell your company its own phone equipment, you probably will be. In the last few years, many companies have heard the same sales claim. "Save about 10% to 40% on monthly telephone charges by buying your own equipment."

So why haven't more companies done it? Because a lot of them talked to Illinois Bell before they made a decision. And after finding out all of the facts, most of them decided to stay with us.

When you buy phone equipment, you may be locking yourself into a system that won't meet your future needs.

A Bell representative can tell you about some of the hidden costs you might encounter with purchased phone equipment. And prepare a cash flow analysis to show which phone system is really less expensive in the long run.

So, if someone wants to talk to you about buying phone equipment, listen to what he has to say. But before you decide, call Illinois Bell.

When our PBX and Key System proposals are compared with others, more than 8 out of 10 customers choose ours.



Illinois Bell



**Our free patch is
all you need to know to win.**

Press us to your heart. Say what's on your chest. Send for our free patch, and iron it on your favorite T-shirt or whatever.

Just send your name, address and phone number with those of two friends to WLS Musicradio, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601. Make sure you include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Do it right away, and you'll automatically be entered in the Musicradio Game. Which means if someone should ask you the name of your favorite radio station, answer "WLS Musicradio," and you might win something really big.

No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited.



**You can earn the same good pay
in any branch of the service.**

So is it worth the sweat to be a Marine?

It depends on you. How far do you want to go? And can the Marine Corps help you get there? We'll tell you this about us: we set no limits on you, and we make you one promise. We'll train you to be a United States Marine. We'll build your body. Develop your mind. Instill a spirit. A sense of pride

that has been passed from one Marine to another for 200 years. A paycheck you can pick up anywhere ... Marine Corps pride is harder to come by. It takes a lot of earning. It takes ambition. It takes brains. It takes determination. It takes sweat. It takes a good man.

The Marines

We're looking for a few good men.



Call 800-423-2600, toll free, for more information. (In California, call 800-252-0241.)



One beautiful
smoking experience.

If you've never
had one, have an
A&C Grenadier.

Long, slender, mild-tasting A&C Grenadiers—
in light or dark wrappers—are a unique
blend of fine imported and domestic tobaccos
that give you real flavor, satisfying taste.
It's one beautiful smoking experience.



Antonio Y Cleopatra.

Shopwalk

by ANITA VERSCHOOT

TICKETS FOR THE '76 OLYMPICS GO ON
SALE SHORTLY AT MONTGOMERY WARD

For a while it looked as if the 1976 Olympics might not take place—at least not in Montreal. Construction of various facilities was set back by repeated strikes in 1974, especially one by the ironworkers that lasted eight weeks at year's end, and it was feared that the spectacular 70,000-seat Olympic Stadium could not be completed in time. There were financial worries, too. The original budget of \$310 million turned out to be embarrassingly inadequate and the Olympic planners finally had to admit that \$650 million would come much closer to the actual cost.

The rest of the world worried, and alternate sites such as Düsseldorf and Teheran were proposed. Lord Killanin, the president of the International Olympic Committee, demanded to know, "What the devil is going on out there?" But the mood of the Organizing Committee in Montreal remained one of confidence, not to say serenity, as it is today. The men in charge continue to work with an air of unhurried composure, and even the city's cab drivers believe that the Games will open on schedule on July 17, 1976. Although the Olympic Stadium is still a hole in the ground, as is "the world's largest Holiday Inn" downtown, who could not be caught up in the enthusiasm of Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau, who has never doubted—at least publicly—that the Games would be held in his city. When he appeared at a special IOC meeting in Lausanne recently, he said, "There is no crisis over the Games," and soon afterward the Montreal City Council authorized a generous \$250 million credit toward the completion of the Olympic site.

The sole distributor for the 700,000 Olympic tickets that have been allotted to the U.S. is Montgomery Ward. Starting May 15, all of Ward's 2,300 retail and catalog stores across the country will have schedules of events and order forms. They can also be requested in writing from Montgomery Ward Auto Club Olympics, P.O. Box 4000, Taylor, Mich. 48180, a quarter of a 2½¢ stamp should be enclosed to cover mailing expenses for the handsome detailed catalog listing all Olympic events with the code numbers by which tickets can be ordered. Completed order forms must be sent to the Auto Club—Olympics, Select-a-Seat Office, P.O. Box 2000, Phoenix, Ariz. 85001, before Aug. 15, 1975, and, since sales are strictly on a pay-now-play-later basis, the forms must be accompanied by personal check or money order covering ticket prices (there is

no tax) plus a 60¢-per-ticket surcharge for processing. Neither cash nor charge accounts are acceptable. Requests will be handled on a first-come-first-served basis, which means that the forms arriving in Phoenix will be rushed through time-stamp machines to establish priority, then fed into the Select-A-Seat computer.

Customers can order up to 10 tickets in each price category for an event, but those wishing to attend the most popular sports should get their applications on the way in a hurry. The computer will not issue any substitutions. However, prompt refunds will be made—including the 60¢ surcharge—for any orders that cannot be filled. Applicants must be U.S. citizens, and will be informed within three weeks by confirmation voucher of the status of their orders, but the tickets themselves will not be mailed before June 1976. If by that time a purchaser is no longer able to attend the Games, he cannot return or exchange the tickets, but he can sell them privately.

Prices range from \$40 for the opening and closing ceremonies to \$2—mostly standing room—for elimination heats or qualifying rounds. Standing room at the opening and closing ceremonies is a whopping \$8. The best seats in the Olympic Stadium for track and field events, including finals, cost \$24 a day, while standing room goes for \$4. On the last day, when there are eight finals, tickets range from \$32 to \$8. In swimming, an evening of final races and diving competition enjoyed in comfort will cost \$24; for standing room it's \$4 plus four hours' worth of aching feet. The popular basketball final (perhaps the U.S. vs. Russia again) is listed at \$6 to \$24 per seat. Even at the canoeing finals, tickets cost from \$3 to \$12, and not a single baby in its mother's arms can slip in for free.

The distribution of accommodations also will not begin before next month, but it is not too early to request an application form by writing to Hebergement Québec-Olympiques 76, 201 Crémazie East, Montreal, Québec H2M 1L2, Canada. Complete and return the form immediately. Those who have better memories of Expo 67 can be sure that the chances of being fleeced for poor or nonexistent accommodation in '76 have been greatly decreased. Hebergement Québec-HEQUO 76—is a government-appointed agency, its honesty safeguarded by a special law. Visitors will have to make a deposit of 20¢, upon confirmation of specific accommodations, with the balance due 90 days before the Games. The deposits will be kept in a trust account at a bank.

HEQUO 76 expects about 110,000 tourists a day during the Olympics and claims to have 200,000 beds available. "We can offer any type of lodging from a \$1 space in a youth hostel to a \$100 suite at the Château Champlain, the Ritz-Carlton, the Bonaventure or the Queen Elizabeth," says Gilles Bergeron.

continued



Illustration by John Davis. Turkey is the state bird of 22 states and the national bird of the U.S. (Photo by John Davis)

Wild Turkey Lore:

The keenness of sight of the Wild Turkey is legendary among woodsmen. Because of the position of its eyes, the bird can detect the slightest motion in a circumference of 300 degrees.

It seems fitting that the name of America's greatest native bird is also the name of America's greatest native whiskey—Wild Turkey Bourbon.



WILD TURKEY / 101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

Austin Nichols Distilling Co. Lawrenceburg, Kentucky

The cruising speed of a Rabbit.
93 mph.

The EPA's highway test average.
38 mpg.

\$2,999.*



Happy days are here again.

93 miles per hour? We obviously don't recommend it, but it is reassuring to know that as you get onto a hectic expressway, a new Volkswagen Rabbit Hatchback has the power for incredible acceleration. From 0 to 50 in only 8.2 seconds. Quicker than a Manzo 2+2.

38 miles per gallon? That's what the Rabbit averaged on the highway in the 1975 model Federal Environmental Protection Agency fuel

economy tests. The Rabbit in the city averaged a nifty 24. Not bad for a sub-compact with all the head and leg room of some mid-size cars.

\$2,999? That's what you pay for the car backed by the most complete and advanced car coverage plan in the business: The Volkswagen Owner's Security Blanket with Computer Analysis.

Happy days are here again? We think you'll think so after you've driven a Rabbit.



rabbit

*Suggested retail price Rabbit 2-door Hatchback, P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes and other dealer delivery charges additional. See your dealer for more details. ©Volkswagen of America, Inc.

of HEQUO, but anybody who is not a high-ranking official or cherished customer stands hardly a chance of being lodged in these luxury hotels. They all have been swamped with requests far beyond the number of rooms available. "We can't promise anything," says one exasperated hotel manager. "We don't know how many rooms we will have left after the Olympic Organizing Committee has taken their quota for VIPs. The committee is trying to run the hotel business but they don't know anything about it."

In addition to the top four, there are about 27 hotels in the city classified from excellent to comfortable, and eight new hotels are being built. HEQUO proudly lists the Meridien in the deluxe class and the 38-story Holiday Inn—the aforementioned hole in the ground—although Holiday Inn officials announced during the recent construction workers' strike that the outlook for the completion of the building by July 1976 was very bleak, indeed. It is therefore a stroke of luck that the Laurentien, a Sheraton-operated 1,001-room hotel around the corner from the Holiday Inn site, was saved from demolition. At present, 700 of its rooms are being re-decorated. More Old World charm can be found at the Sheraton Mont-Royal nearby which has 1,015 rooms.

Besides hotels and motels, the HEQUO application form offers further choices: students' quarters at universities, private homes, tourist rooms and efficiency apartments, youth hostels (bring your sleeping bags) and camping grounds for tents and trailers. Even rooms in nurseries are available, where, admittedly, one or two bathrooms would have to be shared with the rest of the occupants. All facilities will be inspected by HEQUO officials, who will also determine maximum prices, even including parking fees at public lots. A single at a medium-priced hotel will cost around \$12, a double at a luxury hotel up to \$300. Student residences will be priced from \$6 for single to \$18 for double occupancy. Apartments go from \$25 a day for a studio to \$40 for three bedrooms. The average daily fee for a camping location will come to \$6.

Surfing fans may wish to stay at the Kingston site on Lake Ontario, some 175 miles from Montreal, archery followers at Joliette, 45 miles away, and some semi-professional soccer games will draw spectators to Teronko. But even those whose favorite sports are staged in Montreal itself may want to stay outside the city. The Laurentians, with many cozy resort lodges, are only a two-hour bus ride away via the new Autoroute, and Mont Tremblant is at least as delightful in summer as it is during the ski season. And to console yourself for having missed out on that plush Champlain suite, you can always take the family to a pheasant dinner at Le St. Amable in Vieux Montreal. For four, it, too, costs \$100.

END

THE CHOICE IS YOURS...



— the new
soft tip pens
from Cross in
Lustrous Chrome,
12 and 14 Karat Gold
Filled and Sterling
Silver. Each is a master-
piece of style and function
and, of course, mechanically
guaranteed for a lifetime of
writing pleasure. The choice is
yours — from \$12.00 to \$25.00*
at better stores worldwide.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

soft tip pens

*Suggested Prices

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHBAUM

PARALLEL COURSE

Both Lee Elder and Frank Robinson were born in Texas, attended high school in California and journeyed East, where each won renown by hitting the daylights out of a small white ball. Elder is 40, Robinson 39. Both are glad that last week, when they respectively became the first blacks to play in the Masters golf tournament and manage a big-league baseball team, is finally history. Their relief is widely shared.

A STATISTICAL SNAFU

So the Washington Bullets' Wes Unseld grabs 30 rebounds in his final regular-season game to edge Boston's Dave Cowens for the NBA rebounding title. So teammate Kevin Porter has back-to-back games of 21 and 22 assists to run away with that title. So Golden State's Rick Barry is the NBA champion in steals. Boston General Manager Red Auerbach remains singularly unimpressed.

"It's ridiculous," says Auerbach. "Every time a guy touches the ball they can give him a rebound. Assists? They don't mean the same thing in any two cities in the league. And what the hell's a steal? A guy gets three steals, his man goes by him seven times and he's a champion. That's insane."

As Cowens' boss, Auerbach is understandably suspicious about Unseld's season-ending, 30-rebound performance. After all, official scorers and statisticians are hired by home teams, and Unseld's finale occurred on Washington's home court. In fact, in the four subjective categories of rebounds, assists, steals and blocked shots, every individual and team "high game" was set at home this season. A Washington statistician once briefly credited Porter with two assists in 41 seconds only to discover to his embarrassment that the Bullets did not score a point during that time span.

This situation distresses Seymour Siwoff, whose Elias Sports Bureau compiles official NBA statistics. "I see box scores that look funny, but there's no

sure way to check their accuracy," Siwoff complains. "We set standards and hope they're followed. Sometimes mistakes are made and there's nothing we can do short of watching films of the games. And that's not feasible."

FOREMAN VS. FIVE MEN

George Foreman's exhibition against five opponents next Saturday in Toronto may be promising TV fare (*page 68*), but the stunt is unlikely to dispel any of the doubts about Foreman raised by the Battle of Zaire. In 1958 Lamar Clark, an undefeated, much-ballyhooed heavyweight, kayoed six foes in the same evening in Bingham, Utah. Clark proved to be a dud and retired in 1961 after being flattened in the second round by a 19-year-old new-comer named Cassius Clay.

SONIC BOOM I

The once-rich salmon fisheries around Alaska's Bristol Bay have been badly depleted by hungry beluga whales, which feast on sockeyes that move through the bay to and from spawning rivers like the Naknek, King Salmon and Kvichak. The Alaska Fish and Game Department is about to fight back with something called the Beluga Spooker, an underwater hi-fi system designed to send the belugas sea-

tering from the river mouths in terror.

The Spooker will transmit amplified tape recordings of random conversation of the killer whale, an enemy of the beluga. Fish and Game is currently installing 10 of the battery-powered systems, at a cost of \$3,900 apiece, in time for early runs of sockeyes next month. The Spookers are equipped with automatic timers, and these will turn on the recordings at high tide, which is when the belugas go looking for dinner.

Al Menn, a Bendix Corporation acoustics engineer and the Beluga Spooker's developer, insists that playing such ingenious tricks on the whales poses no threat to their survival. "The belugas will still take their fair share as the salmon sweep into Bristol Bay," he says, "but not enough to destroy commercial fishing." The question remains, however, whether lonely killer whales might not be attracted by the recorded squeals and clicks of their brethren. Killer whales are larger, hungrier and more aggressive salmon predators than belugas.

SONIC BOOM II

Another state is looking at a different kind of electronic aid to fishermen, only in this case with an unfavorable eye. The Minnesota legislature is considering a bill to ban the use of graph-type depth and fish finders by sport fishermen. It is the contention of Representative Glen Sherwood, the measure's author, that such sonic devices have placed excessive pressure on Minnesota's fish population. He argues that fishermen should be encouraged to rely on skill rather than on sophisticated technology.

Real conservation measures are always welcome—this magazine has espoused many and imitated more than a few—but it is sometimes necessary to wince at the absurdities offered in the name of environmental protection. It is true that good fishermen tend to catch more fish with finders than without them. But it is also true that they use less gasoline in the process. *That's* conservation, too—and generally release more fish. Carry Representative Sherwood's theories about sportsmanship to their logical conclusion, and Minnesota might also ban outboard motors, downriggers, monofilament lines and other technological advances that help fishermen outwit fish. Sometimes.

If Minnesota is truly concerned about protecting fish, why not simply decrease



If Titleist irons can improve a scratch golfer's shots, imagine what they can do for you.

Tests prove scratch golfers miss the exact sweet spot 59% of the time.

They seldom miss it by much. The average golfer would love to hit their "misses." Still, 59% of the time they sacrifice a little yardage and accuracy because they don't "get all of it."

Every "miss" a scratch golfer hits can be improved by Titleist irons. Titleists improve "misses" by giving a boost in yardage and accuracy, and they do this better than any other club.

No other club has applied the strict combination of scientific

research and physics Titleist has. (And they won't either, because Titleist has the patent pending.)

Titleist's increased power area.

Research showed us most "misses" occur in the higher toe and lower heel areas. By adding

giving you back most of the distance and accuracy you would normally lose. And not only do you get improved distance and accuracy when you miss with a Titleist iron, you even get that "solid feel."

Refinements.

Although Titleist irons are the best-selling irons in America, we're continually looking for ways to make them better. Here are some things we've done recently:

We've changed the loft slightly on the 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and pitching wedge. Now you get maximum distance on perfect shots, as well as unmatched distance on mishits.

We've beveled the leading edge. This allows you to hit it a little fat and still get a good shot. It also gives improved performance under difficult



you'll be sure to *end up* with your hands ahead of the ball at the moment of impact.

A word to the 14-handicapper.

Titleist irons do the same thing for a 14-handicapper they do for a scratch golfer. They just do more of it more often.

More of it: If you're a 14-handicapper, you usually miss the sweet spot by a greater margin than the scratch golfer. You need an even bigger boost in yardage and accuracy. And Titleist irons give it to you.

More often: Where the scratch golfer misses the sweet spot 59% of the time, you, dear friend, miss it 80% of the time.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT



weight, in the form of tungsten inserts, in these two spots, we were able to create a power area stretching right across the club. (The weights reduce twisting caused by off-center hits, thus

improve playing conditions.

We've contoured the soles so you can ground the clubs on any line.

And we've provided offset. This allows you to start out with your hands ahead of the ball, so

Titleist irons improve most of your shots. The perfect ones they leave alone.

the daily legal limits? Which is what other states have done.

IMMORTAL & IMMATERIAL

With its annual induction ceremonies next week in Springfield, Mass., the Basketball Hall of Fame obviously means to avoid the kind of sins regularly committed by the shrine of another sport, college football. Specifically, its trustees have studiously ignored Bill Russell's boycott of the induction proceedings and decided to go ahead and enshrine the ex-Celtic great anyway, albeit without the usual fanfare. In recognizing the sport's best performers, non-basketball considerations—including what Russell might think of such honors—have been deemed immaterial.

By contrast, The National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame, as the Manhattan-based college football shrine styles itself, keeps succumbing to irrelevancies. Not all of its 341 inductees are of All-America caliber, and foundation officials have intimated that some were selected partly because they went on to enrich themselves in business. On the other hand, those failing to make it include such outstanding players as Charley Brickett, Paul Robeson, Jim Brown and Ernie Davis.

Explanations for the omissions vary. Brickett was a two-time All-America halfback at Harvard before World War I, but later was convicted of grand larceny. Robeson, a two-time All-America considered the greatest defensive end of football's early years, became a renowned actor and singer as well as an embattled figure for his espousal of Marxism. James McDowell, the shrine's executive director, says that both men were bypassed because of "unsatisfactory citizenship," adding, "We consider what players do in later life important."

Brown and Davis were All-Americans at Syracuse. Brown's 43 points against Colgate in 1936 is still a collegiate record, while Davis won the Heisman Trophy in 1961, dying of leukemia two years later. McDowell says that neither has even been nominated. He leaves the impression that both cases are oversights.

Perhaps the foundation brass is simply too busy shuffling out cases of unsatisfactory citizenship, a business that implies investigations into beliefs and lifestyles. Chester LaRoche, the Hall of Fame's founder, has warned that Alabama's Joe Namath is another who

might never be selected (inductees must be out of college 10 years and no longer in pro football). "Namath's a great player, but what's he done with his life?" asks LaRoche. "He hangs around saloons." If the foundation would only change its name to the What-They-Did-Later-in-Life Hall of Fame, somebody else might start a college football shrine that confines itself to college football.

FOLLOW THE BOUNCING BALL

A lot of folks at the University of Illinois were upset when basketball Coach Gene Bartow begged out of his five-year contract: it had four years to run—to sign on as John Wooden's successor at UCLA. By way of protest, 50 students marched outside Bartow's office and serenaded him with the *Illinois Loyalty Song*. Only one trouble. Not knowing the words, some of them had to read from sheet music.

AND NOW, HERE'S JOHNNY

As the man who stages the Michelé Classic, the Monte Carlo championship and other celebrity tennis tournaments on TV, Hollywood Producer Wendell Niles Jr. has been watching show-biz types cavort on the court for the past six years. Niles has now succumbed to the temptation of ranking these players, an exercise that sounds like something left over from last week's Academy Awards. As if *Godfather II* did not win enough honors, Niles reckons Robert Duvall, the actor who played Al Pacino's halfish, somber lawyer, as the best of the film colony's tennis players.

After Duvall, Niles' Top 10 consists of: 2) Rick Nelson, 3) Jim Brown, 4) Robert Redford, 5) Ed Ames, 6) Bill Cosby, 7) James Franciscus, 8) Bert Bacharach, 9) Charlton Heston and 10) Chris Connolly. Niles followed an informal handicapping system, taking into account, for example, that Nelson was once a top junior player while others on the list are relative novices. "The most prominent new player of 1975 is Johnny Carson," he declares. "He should be in the Top 10 by this time next year."

PERMANENT EXPERIMENT

If the National Football League had its way, it would blame declining attendance, dropped passes, torn ligaments and every other imaginable ill on the 1973 federal law prohibiting TV blackouts of games sold out 72 hours before kickoff.

In an unrelenting P.R. campaign against the dread legislation, which Congress enacted as a three-year experiment, Pete Rozelle & Co. habitually talk about "no-shows"—fans who buy tickets for games only to stay home, presumably to watch the action on TV instead.

But the Federal Communications Commission isn't buying what the NFL is peddling. In its second annual report on how the blackout-lifting law is working, the FCC attributes last season's decline in NFL attendance—from 9,707,943 in 1973 to 9,112,160—to such factors as the troubled economy, the rising cost of gasoline, the preseason player strike and competition from the WFL. The FCC notes that until the last two weeks of the regular season, when foul weather and settled conference races dampened fan enthusiasm, no-shows were running no higher at games televised to the home folks than at those blacked out. Even including the final two weeks, the averages for the whole season were 6,413 no-shows for televised games vs. 5,965 for blacked-out games, a difference the FCC terms "insignificant."

Representative Torbert H. MacDonald, the Massachusetts Democrat who sponsored the blackout-lifting measure in the House, invokes the FCC report as evidence that "the law has done no harm" to the NFL. But the league argues that the law will subtly erode the game's box-office appeal over the long haul. No matter, MacDonald predicts that Congress will make the legislation permanent this session, without waiting for the third year of the experiment.

THEY SAID IT

- Tug McGraw, Phillies' pitcher, on his \$75,000 salary: "Ninety percent I'll spend on good times, women and Irish whiskey. The other 10% I'll probably waste."
- Mike Newlin, Houston Rocket guard: "I thought this team would be in another city before it would be in the NBA playoffs."
- Jerry LeVias, San Diego Chargers flanker: "I'm all for women's lib. They should all have equal opportunity with me."
- Gary Smith, Vancouver Canucks goalie, discussing 5' 5" teammate Bobby LaLonde: "He'd be great in a short series."
- Clyde King, Atlanta Braves manager: "Some hitters try and hit the ball where it's pitched. Ralph Garr hits the ball if it's pitched."

END

If the shave bites, he'll bite right back.

© The Gillette Co., Boston, Mass.



Photo: Terry O'Connell/John M. A. Records

No guy loves a blade that nicks and scrapes. Especially if he's used to injector blades. Well, now meet Gillette Twinjector® twin injector blades. As safe as any single injector blade. But they shave close, smooth and comfortably. Because, for one thing,

Twinjector blades have rinse slots. To reduce clogging. And they fit your present injector razor. Would we give you a rough time?



Gillette
Twinjector
Blades



5 twininjector blades

The Gillette Twinjector® Shave. Beautiful, baby.

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, JACK

Yeah, but Manny, we want Bob Redford for all three leading men. Okay, Jimmy Ciar for Weiskopf, but Redford's got to play those two blond guys, Nicklaus and Miller. We call it *The Greatest Golf Tournament Ever Played*. So people argue. Who'll know? One blond guy makes a putt from here to Encino, and then the other two guys miss putts on the 18th from so close the hole looks as big as Coldwater Canyon. Now the blond guy who wins, Nicklaus, who is already the best there ever was, he marries his one-iron and takes his putter for a mistress. Cut and print. Ciao, baby.

There was something about the 1975 Masters that was cinematic from the beginning. The setup was perfect, all of the world's best golfers coming into the thing primed, poised, inspired, eager. And sure enough it began to unfold toward what promised to be a historic climax, one way or another. But no one could possibly imagine that in the final hours it would become so excruciatingly exciting and monumentally meaningful in terms of the characters involved.

Honestly, if someone had said to one of those brilliant screenwriters, do me a script where the year's first major tournament comes along and on the last day, Sunday, April 13, Jack Nicklaus and Johnny Miller and Tom Weiskopf go out there and undergo the most unbearable of sporting pressure and provide the most inconceivable of thrills, hole after hole, until the whole business is ultimately decided by the vagaries of the game itself, what would have been written was pre-

Sweeping aside stiff challenges from Tom Weiskopf and Johnny Miller, Jack Nicklaus won the Masters for the fifth time **by DAN JENKINS**

cisely what happened last week in Augusta, Ga.

This was the 39th annual Masters, but you can take all of your double eagles and your playoffs and your Arnold Palmers and Ben Hogans and Byron Nelsons, and nothing has ever equaled what happened when Nicklaus bugged his fifth Masters and his 15th major championship. The record will show that Nicklaus stood up to, outguessed, outmiracled—whatever—a Johnny Miller who stung the Augusta National with closing rounds of 65 and 66 and a Tom Weiskopf who rushed home with 66 and 70. The cold print will reveal that Nicklaus managed it by starting swifter, with opening rounds of 68 and 67, which gave him a six-stroke lead on Weiskopf and an 11-stroke lead on Miller through 36 holes.

But then things started to get confusing, as they invariably do at Augusta, and after some fairly hysterical occurrences on Saturday, when Miller and Weiskopf stormed forward while Nicklaus was agonizing through a round of 73, the scene was all set for something goshawful to happen on Sunday.

To appreciate the unraveling of nerves over the last nine holes, with all three of them playing in one another's shadows, you ought to know how they blistered their way over the front nine through all of the Augusta evils that CBS-TV has yet to get on camera. Here was the situation:

Weiskopf was leading after 54 holes by one shot over Nicklaus and by four over Miller. No one else was in serious contention, although so many legendary names had played reasonably well—Arnold Palmer, Lee Trevino, Billy Casper among them—that this Masters had seemed to be something of a Hall of Fame club championship.

Nicklaus was paired with Tom Watson, one of the young stars, in the next to last twosome of the day. And right behind them were Weiskopf and Miller. They would be able to see one another on practically every shot, and when they could not, there would certainly be those thunderous roars and prolonged groans from the Augusta crowds to keep them informed of what the others were doing.

This then is how it went on the early holes as Nicklaus gouged out the 68 and 276 that gave him victory, as Miller streaked to his 66 and the 277 that left him in second for the second time, and as Weiskopf carved out a 70 and the 277 that made him a runner-up for a heart-wrenching fourth time. Like this: Nicklaus bugs the 1st hole, they par, Nicklaus and Miller birdie the 2nd; Weiskopf pars. Weiskopf and Nicklaus birdie the 3rd; Miller bogeys. Nicklaus and Weiskopf par the 4th; Miller birdies. Nick-

continued

As his 40-footer of 16 nears the cup, Nicklaus fences, then goes up as the ball goes down.



laus birdies the 5th with an iron shot that swallows the flag. Through five holes: Nicklaus and Weiskopf tied, Miller four back.

Onward, drama lovers. Miller and Weiskopf birdie the 6th; Jack pars. Everybody pars 7. Miller birdies 8. Into the 9th, the turn, where Nicklaus and Miller both nail the flag and get their putts for birdies while Weiskopf pars. Miller is out in four under, Jack in three under and Tom in two under. Nicklaus and Weiskopf are tied, Miller two back. Can anyone really stand the back nine?

On Sunday night Nicklaus would try to describe what this sort of situation is

like. "Fun," he would call it. "To be out there in the middle of something like that is fun," he would insist. "You're inspired, you're eager, you're excited. You almost want to break into a dead run when you hit a good shot. It's what you've prepared yourself for, what you wait a year for. To know you can look back some day and know you were a part of something like it, that's just great."

There is an old saying that the real Masters doesn't begin until the back nine on Sunday. It's a tiresome thing to point out, but it continues to be true. Amen Corner does it. Those holes with the water and shadows and swirling breezes, and

demon options. Plus the aquatic dangers of 15 and 16 and the last treacherous green where so many putts have ripped at the hearts of so many players.

Johnny Miller will see Nicklaus winning this Masters as his own short birdie try creeps just outside the cup at the 10th, as his measly two-footer twists out of the cup at the 11th for a bogey, as both he and Weiskopf have one final chance for a birdie at 18 and his 20-footer makes a cruel left-hand turn at the last moment.

Tom Weiskopf will see Nicklaus winning this Masters as "a fat five-iron" fails to carry the embankment at the 11th green and plunges into the blue pond. He rescues a bogey with a marvelous wedge shot, but the damage has been done. He will also see Jack whipping him again as he bogeys the 16th hole—as he had bogeyed it to lose a year ago—with a sad iron off the tee and a deplorable chip shot. And lastly, after Miller had messed, he will watch an eight-foot birdie putt on the final green hold above the cup when it seemed it had to go slightly left, drop and force a playoff.

"I can't believe I lost this tournament," Weiskopf said. "The luck balances out. It comes down to the last hole and you hit a good drive, a good approach shot and good putt and it stays out. All I know is, one of these days the putt is going in and I'll win a Masters."

If Nicklaus won the day with his own heroics, he did it with one long iron shot at the 15th hole and with a birdie putt at the 16th that traveled 40 wondrous feet into the hole and made Nicklaus and his caddie, Willie Peterson, resemble Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

When Nicklaus reached his drive in the 15th fairway he trailed Weiskopf by one stroke and he knew he had to have a birdie at the very least. The shot was a 240-yard one-iron over the water on this par-5 that has decided so many Masters. You knew Jack liked it the instant he took the cut at it and indeed he later called it the best pressure shot of his life. For the entire distance the ball was on the flag, a double eagle without knickers, and the thumb off the shaft. Not really a deuce, of course, but one heck of a golf shot when he had to have it. It gave him an easy two-putt birdie from roughly 15 feet, and sent him glint-eyed toward the 16th. He liked the iron on the 16th but it fell short, and now he faced one of those long putts he hadn't made in a couple of days. It was right on line and the speed looked

Weiskopf shot a 66 on Saturday to take a one-stroke lead, but on Sunday he lacked punch.





Miller had 18 birdies in his last two rounds, but the one he needed on the final hole eluded him.

perfect. One last curl to the left, and down it went and Jack leaped and started running to his right. The ensuing roar alone might have destroyed any other competitors but Miller and Weskopf.

The Masters always encompasses daily dramas, large and small, as well as numerous human-interest episodes. This year one of them featured Lee Elder, the first black man to win an invitation.

Elder's arrival in Augusta on Monday afternoon from Greensboro was anxiously awaited by a thirsty press. Lee came in a pleasant mood but uttered a few "no comments" about his feelings and said he would withhold all of his innermost thoughts until an official press conference on Tuesday. The conference was staged, but it was matched in dullness only by a conversation about the

state of health of the wistaria vine on the big oak outside the main clubhouse door.

Elder began the tournament on Thursday with a par four and he birdied the 2nd hole, but he played rather routinely from there on and finished up with a two-over 74 that he claimed to be happy with. There were no incidents, other than a few rednecks on the bank of the 16th green whooping and applauding when he missed a short putt. People were polite and gave him a generous hand as he trudged up and down the hills.

It was suspected that Elder would play poorly at Augusta because he was unfamiliar with the course, which turned out to be the case. He shot a 78 on Friday and missed becoming one of the 46 players to make the 36-hole cut. At Augusta it is possible for the entire field to make the cut, for the rules state that anyone within 10 strokes of the leader is eligible to hang around on Saturday and Sunday. But Nicklaus had set such a fast pace with his 135 he sent more players packing than usual.

Someone said, well, Elder missed the cut but look who made it, a Japanese (Jumbo Ozaki), a Chinese (Mr. Lu), an Indian (Rod Cori), three Mexicans (Trevino, Homero Blancas, Vic Regalado), one Englishman (Maurice Bembridge), two Australians (Graham Marsh, Bruce Devlin), three South Africans (Gary Player, Bobby Cole, Hugh Boscchia) and two amateurs (George Burns, Jerry Pate).

The Masters' final Sunday never lets you down for excitement, but the earlier rounds can frequently be routine. Now and again, however, one of them etches itself into the grand annals of the tournament's history, and such was the case with Saturday's third round. Mostly, it will become known as Miller's Saturday despite the shotmaking Weskopf provided much later in the day.

Miller admitted he began the tournament "choking." He bogeyed the very first hole on Thursday and had-putted his way to a 75. Even after a second-round 71 he was no more a part of the tournament than the veranda slanders. At 146 he was 11 strokes behind Nicklaus, and some of the players were leaning back in their leather chairs in the locker room and saying, "By the way, whatever happened to the Nicklaus-Miller duel?"

Now came Saturday, a day that gleamed with bright weather compared to the mist and rain of the first two

continued



MASTERS *continued*

rounds. Miller had teed off early and he was finishing the front nine as Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer were about to begin at 2:10 p.m.

At the Masters they post notes of interest on the huge scoreboards that rise up out of the pines. On the one everybody can see from the putting green, from behind the 9th and 18th greens and from the veranda, a note was posted: Miller four under. Nicklaus and Palmer glanced casually at the scoreboard as they loitered on the putting green, and Jack said later that he couldn't tell immediately whether it was a red four (for under) or a green four (for over par). Nicklaus is color-blind.

It did occur to him, though, that there would be no news value in posting a four-over number.

"Pretty good round Miller's got going," Nicklaus said to Palmer.

"Yeah, four under," Palmer said.

"Six," Nicklaus said, pointing out that Miller had been two over par when the day began.

Palmer squinted at the scoreboard.

"Yeah, not bad," he said.

Nicklaus smiled. "I guess not," he said. "It's only an alltime record."

What happened was that Miller had not only broken the front-side record

After nearly a year to ponder the opportunity, Lee Elder's tournament lasted only two days.

with his remarkable 30, he had done it with one of those splurges so characteristic of the way he can sometimes catch fire. With, for instance, six birdies in a row.

They like to construct monuments on the Augusta National premises. Things like the Sarazen and Nelson bridges, commemorating past deeds. For Johnny Miller on the 2nd through the 7th holes there may one day be a walkway of bronzed soft-drink cans.

Here is how you make six birdies in succession, starting with the belief that such a thing is possible.

On the par-5 2nd hole, which sweeps down a hill to the left, you hit a driver, a free-wood into a bunker by the green, and blast out to within one foot of the cup.

On the 3rd you drive with a three-wood and hit a pitching wedge 14 feet from the flag, and you sink the putt.

On the par-3 4th, which is a biggie and all loaded up with dangers, you smack a two-iron about 10 feet away and you drop this one.

On the par-4 5th, which is one of the toughest holes on the course, although perhaps the least scenic and praised, you crush a driver, spank a four-iron to about 14 feet—on No. 5, that's considered "stiff"—and you make this one.

On the par-3 6th, which drops off into a hollow, you float a five-iron down there that looks like an ace. One foot from the flag.

And on the 7th you get lucky. You hit a three-wood to guide it up the narrow fairway but the pitching wedge from a bad lie is terrible, not even on the green, but puttable. So from 35 feet you calmly watch it ramble its way into the hole.

"After the birdie at the 6th," Miller said, "I started thinking, 'Hey, this isn't so shabby a round.' I really started the day just trying to play myself back among the top 15 in the tournament."

He also said, "I had the good year last year but I was lousy in the major championships. This time I was determined to prove I'm not a dog in the big ones. The press has been on me a little bit about that."

Maybe Johnny had something else to prove on Saturday. He was paired with Gary Player, which led to the joke that the Masters had put them together in what would be a "God-off." Miller and

Player are not the largest fans of one another, and on top of that there has been this mild debate about who had the best season in 1974, Miller in America or Player in the world.

Player has enjoyed pointing out to friends that while Miller won eight PGA tour events last year, he, Gary, beat Miller by a modest 39 strokes in the four major championships, winning two of them.

Well, Miller's Saturday 65 was not the final settling of any such debate, but it did make Player's 73 seem like 173 in contrast. Besides that, Miller's round might have been much, much lower. He was all over the hole on the back nine and only one putt dropped. At the 17th, in fact, he had the ball three feet from the flag and it dived into the hole but spun out.

All in all, it was clearly one of the landmark 18s ever fired on the Augusta National, and it put Johnny Miller in shape to add all sorts of thrills to Sunday's fury.

In the final analysis, this was a Masters of unique scoring, basically because the greens were so much slower than ever. Too much rain throughout the winter was the official reason given and too much rain earlier in the week. A real old-fashioned Augusta wind never came up, either. Hale Irwin's last-round 64, that matched the course record, and which leaped him over dozens of people and into a fourth-place tie with the first-round leader, Bobby Nichols, furnished proof of this, together with the other scoring, and it also gave an indication of how inviting the Augusta National would be for Nicklaus, Miller and Weiskopf when they would get out there on it to thrash around and drive the world of golf utterly mad with suspense.

Other than the fact that he is probably inhuman when it comes to dealing with pressure and is beyond argument the greatest golfer mankind has produced, there is not much else to say about Jack Nicklaus. He loves his wife and kids, is loyal to his friends, he is kind to animals and he can recite the Preamble.

In a sense, if it hadn't been for the brave manner in which those glamorous losers performed, and the promise they have, Jack Nicklaus would be on the verge of destroying tournament golf. Why do you think that makes a good film, *Manny*?

END

After his historic one-iron to the 15th nearly 40 feet in, Nicklaus was on the victory trail.



A CITY ON PINSTRIPE AND NEEDLES

With Catfish Hunter and Bobby Bonds, New York had a corner on glamour, but anxious fans took a rain check on glory in the season's rocky start

by RON FIMRITE

I was often said years ago that a ballplayer who changed from conventional baseball apparel into the pinstripe flannels of the New York Yankees automatically underwent a metamorphosis comparable to that regularly experienced by Clark Kent in the telephone booth. Mild-mannered bango hitters were suddenly transformed into sluggers more powerful than a locomotive, crackerminded has-beens discovered they could throw a pitch faster than a speeding bullet, palsied veterans were able to leap tall buildings at a single bound. Such were the magical properties of the old Yankee raiment.

Alas, in recent years the enchanted regalia has done little more for its wearers than rags off the rack at the local discount store. The repugnant green and gold ensemble of the world champions from Oakland is more enhancing. But the Yankees under their tradition-conscious president, Gabe Paul, are anxious to restore the legend of the uniforms, and so it was that when the team's new right-fielder, Bobby Bonds, slipped on the pinstripes last Friday for the first time before a regular-season home game, an expectant hush fell over the Shea Stadium clubhouse. The fit was just right—a little snug about the shoulders, perhaps—and the garment pleasantly emphasized the wearer's lean musculature. Bonds examined himself in a mirror as others awaited his opinion.

"I look funny," he said finally. "I don't look like a Yankee at all. Some people look like Yankees, and some don't. Elston Howard over there does," he said, gesturing toward the former All-Star catcher, now a coach. "Even Alex Johnson does. But Walt Williams looks like a Chicago White Sox and I still look like a San Francisco Giant. I know Willie Mays never looked like a Met. This uniform looks funny on me."

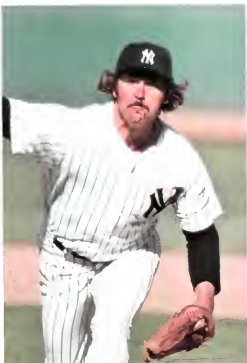
As if to compound the blasphemy, Bonds proceeded that afternoon to strike out with the bases full of potential winning runs. And his even more celebrated fellow San Francisco Bay Area refugee, Jim (Catfish) Hunter, fresh out of the clown suits favored by his previous employer, threw two home-run pitches and lost his first start as a Yankee. The pinstripes proved as beneficial to Hunter and Bonds as sackcloth.

But even after their opening loss to Cleveland and the home-opener defeat by Detroit, both by 5-3 scores, and yet another loss to Detroit on Saturday, the Yankees remained the glamour team of the season's first week. The acquisition of Hunter from the A's, at a cost of \$3.75 million, and Bonds from the Giants, at the cost of Bobby Murcer, were the two most spectacular player transactions of the off season. And it is yet possible the two Bay Area migrants will lead the Yankees to a division, league or even World Series championship.

The Yankees have not achieved a championship of any sort since 1964. But Bonds gives them the speed and power they have lacked since the decline and eventual departure of Mickey Mantle, and Hunter, last year's American League Cy Young Award winner, is a pitcher reminiscent of Ruffing, Chandler, Reynolds, Raschi and Ford.

So amid heavy competition for publicity, the Yankees occupied center stage as the curtain went up. That they were upstaged by Frank Robinson's dramatic debut as the first black manager and by Hank Aaron's sentimental return to Milwaukee, or even by Tony Conigliaro's somewhat less affecting return to Boston was incidental. Besides, the Yankees at least had a hand in Robinson's history-making, and they were peripherally involved in two other significant developments of the week: the A's discovery of





Hunter was no Park Avenue hotbody, but he was conversant with gophers.

Varyzer, meet Munson: The Tiger scores as the Yank drops the ball.



a possible successor to Hunter in 20-year-old Mike Norris, a shutout winner in his first start, and Murcer's slam-bang beginning as a Giant—six hits, four for extra bases, in his first three games.

Bonds, uncomfortable though he may have been in his new clothes, remained supremely confident. On the cold morning of Opening Day in Cleveland, he stood at the batting cage musing on his prospects. Bonds did not, for him, have a good season in 1974 and he did not have a good spring. He regarded neither circumstance as foreboding.

"I don't feel I'm in a pressure situation," he said, massaging his bat. "I felt more pressure in spring training than I do now. People in Florida, my teammates especially, expected me to show a lot of power, and I suppose I went out there trying to prove to them that I could hit the ball out of the park. I tried to impress everybody down there. I was pressing. I was tight. Look, I was traded for a good ballplayer, somebody they respected here. I wanted to earn that kind of respect. I couldn't relax. Then I finally realized that I didn't have to prove anything. It's all there in the record. I've hit 186 home runs and I've stolen 263 bases in seven seasons. All I have to do is use the ability God gave me. So I finally relaxed. And that's the way I feel now that the season's starting."

And he stepped into the batter's box and hit a ball over the left-field fence. He looked back, smiling, saying wordlessly, "See what I mean!"

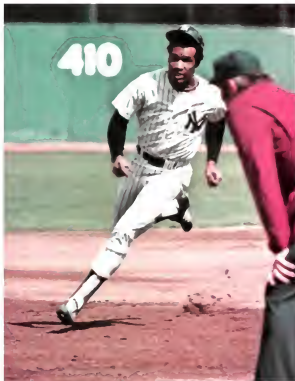
Bonds not only gives the Yankees home runs, he gives them stolen bases. His 41 steals were only a dozen fewer than the entire Yankee team had in 1974—and he brings a right-hand bat into a lineup previously overbalanced with lefty swingers.

"The other teams won't be so eager to start left-handers against us this year," says Coach Howard. "Last year we saw them all, even second-liners up from Triple A."

With Bonds there to scare off the southpaws, Manager Bill Virdon will be able to make freer use of Ron Blomberg, his left-hand hitting DH, who has averaged .329 and .311 the past two seasons playing almost exclusively against right-handers. "I gotta be selfish about it," says Blomberg of the Bonds acquisition. "I'm gonna play more."

For his part, Hunter fleshes out a pitching staff that already includes 19-

continued



Bonds races home after doubling in his New York opener but he failed to produce in his clutch.

YANKEES *continued*

game winners George (Doc) Medich and Pat Dobson. No matter that all three were shellacked in their first starts of 1975. They are proven talent.

"If you want to start building a ball club, you do it with pitching and catching, and that's where we have the pluses," says Vardon, a tactician who looks as primly responsible as a junior high school principal. "You have another plus when you can add a man like Hunter to your staff without giving up anything." By "anything" it is assumed he meant human beings, the Yankees having given up a considerable something beyond the corporeal for the A's 25-game winner.

Hunter was held out of the season's

opener in Cleveland, ostensibly because Medich had earned the pitching honors, but actually because Hunter would be the superior drawing card at home. The Indians did not require the Catfish to lure 56,204 spectators into their creaking stadium; they had Manager Robinson. He did not fail them, hitting a homer off Medich in his first at bat. Medich, not Hunter, will be the footnote to that moment of history.

The Yankees were idle for two days before they opened at home. On Wednesday they practiced at Shea Stadium; on Thursday they rested. Bonds and Hunter, meanwhile, were privileged to familiarize themselves with the Big Apple. Hunter is a relatively uncomplicated,

agreeably straightforward individual who savors the unusual prospect of playing before spectators in such abundance that he is not on a first-name basis with all of them. At Oakland he was scarcely seen, except during the World Series. He had remarked to one writer that he could stand blindfolded in the middle of the Oakland Coliseum and identify every spectator by the sound of his voice.

He was also pleased that someone other than Charles O. Finley would be managing him. "It will be nice," he said after the Wednesday workout, "to know that the lineup will be made out three hours before a game instead of three minutes," a reference to Finley's penchant for telephonically inserting last-minute changes in his manager's batting order.

Though he does not always publicly exult in his legal triumph over his old master, he is not exactly shy about discussing it. A baseball arbitrator and the courts ruled that Finley failed to meet his contractual obligations to Hunter, which freed the pitcher to negotiate baseball's richest contract. "The man just didn't pay me, that's all," says Hunter. "And there's nothing he can do about it, though he's gonna try everything. Can't blame him for that." The New York press has made much of the paradox of a North Carolina farm boy becoming the recipient of so much big-city largesse, but Hunter has steadfastly resisted all efforts to undersophisticate him. He is not the down-home anecdotalist the New York media might wish him to be, responding to even the silliest inquiries with almost grave dignity, tempered only slightly by country wit. The mythmakers will be obliged to look elsewhere for their Park Avenue hill-billy.

Bonds may have more potential as a media darling. He is a complex person, a garrulous charmer much of the time, whose reputation in San Francisco as a Sybarite was at least partially unmerited. Now that he is a New Yorker of sorts, he prefers to regard himself as a small-town lad rendered virtiginous by the Manhattan merry-go-round.

"I'm like a penny in a stack of nickels here," he said last week. "I got lost trying to find my way home last night. What kind of place is this where you can't even find your own house? My home in the Bay Area is in San Carlos, only about 20 miles from San Francisco. It's small and quiet. Here, you have to run across

the street or got hit by a taxicab. I hope I don't lose my speed."

Both Bonds and Hunter were generously received by the crowd of 26,212 that paid to attend the home opener in Shea Stadium on a crisp afternoon. New York Governor Hugh Carey was there, and so were Mayor Abe Beame and former Mayor John Lindsay, as well as Toots Shor, Robert Merrill, Roy Cohn, some antiwar protesters and a white chicken that appeared on the screen behind home plate in the eighth inning, provoking an outbreak of bad gags and labored symbolism in the press box. Bonds was cheered by the fans as he emerged from the dugout, and Hunter received a standing ovation as he jogged in from the right-field bullpen.

Hunter struck out the first man he faced, Detroit Centerfielder Ron LeFlore, the fans acclaiming his every pitch. But the next hitter, Gary Sutherland, singled to left, and the next, Willie Horton, stroked a long home run into the left-field bullpen. Hunter is one of baseball's premier home-run pitchers. He sometimes speaks of homers as if he had hit them instead of pitched them. After he surrendered one in last year's World Series, he remarked afterward that there were probably a few people in the stands who had not seen him pitch a home run before, so he felt he owed them one. The crowd, then, was not distressed by such a common occurrence. Hunter was cheered again when he retired the side.

Bonds, too, was hailed when he first came to bat, even though he had gone hitless in four at bats and struck out twice in Cleveland. This time he doubled off the glove of Detroit Third Baseman Aurelio Rodriguez, scoring Alex Johnson from first. He himself scored the tying run when Bob Oliver hit a ball to left field that Dan Meyer lost in the sun. Bonds singled in the third inning, but was thrown out on his first American League stolen-base attempt.

It was downhill for both newcomers after that. Hunter pitched another homer in the sixth, a three-run cannon shot by Nate Colbert that won the game for Detroit; Bonds struck out with the bases loaded in the seventh and ended the game by forcing a base runner.

Bonds and Hunter were seemingly unmoved by these minor calamities. Bonds allowed as how the New York fans were so sophisticated they recognized he would have both good days and bad. Hunter was as unflappable as ever before press hordes of World Series magnitude, although he ruefully acknowledged that he was so eager to ingratiate himself with his new constituency that he pitched foolishly.

"I was a little nervous," he said. "I was trying to rush things, to put too much on my curveball, to throw too hard. It was just too much do or die."

Gabe Paul, meanwhile, repaired to the Yankee offices, which are across Roosevelt Avenue from Shea Stadium, occupying space in the Quonset-like New York City Department of Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administration Building. The offices are profoundly un-Yankeish, although the walls leading to Paul's quarters are lined with photographs of Yankee championship teams, generations of identically attired, cross-armed, solemn athletic dignitaries—Ruth and Gehrig and Huggins, DiMaggio and Dickey and McCarthy, Mantle and Maris and Stengel. It is an impressive visual history, and one can almost see Bonds and Hunter and Virdon joining this royal procession.

Paul himself is an unregal presence, a pleasant, quiet, dough-faced man who, though a Yankee for little more than a year, is imbued with team tradition. He eagerly anticipates the 1976 opening of the new Yankee Stadium, an edifice



Waiting to his occasion, Rabbie was a hit.

that will preserve some of the old lore.

"We don't want to do away with tradition here," he said, measuring his words. "We know the Yankees stand for this. We think we have it now. We think we have a winning team. And the one tradition we are most anxious to re-establish is winning. You know, it's easy to have class when you are winning and you have the wherewithal."

The tradition is always there, preserved, if nowhere else, in those pinstripe suits. But after three straight losses, there seemed to be some loose threads. Then on Sunday, Medich returned to shut out the Tigers 6-0 in the first game of a doubleheader. The Tigers took the second 5-2, but a start had been made. The Yankees were looking, if not exactly impeccable, just a little more dapper. **END**



There's no smile on the face of ex-Yankee Tiger Ralph Houk, but it won't long in coming.

THE ONCE AND FUTURE LEAGUE

Left for dead, the discredited, debt-ridden WFL is in the process of being revived by an energetic Hawaiian **by JOE MARSHALL**



Here we go again. To paraphrase Mark Twain, the rumors of the World Football League's death were greatly exaggerated. Last weekend in New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, representatives from 11 cities—Honolulu, Los Angeles, Portland, San Antonio, Shreveport, Memphis, Jacksonville, Birmingham, Charlotte, Philadelphia and Chicago—began a final series of meetings designed to revive the WFL. Their hopes of resurrection lie in a highly structured financial format known as the Hemminger Plan.

You remember the WFL. It's the league that gave us the Detroit Wheels,

a team that listed 122 debts when it filed for bankruptcy after a grand total of 14 games; the Jacksonville Sharks, whose owner, Fran Monaco, and his wife Douglas borrowed \$27,000 from their coach and then fired him; the Philadelphia Bell, which admitted that most of the 120,000 people who attended its first two games got in for nothing; the Southern California Sun, whose principal owner was given his 190,000 shares gratis by the prior owners of the club and then pled guilty to a federal charge of making false statements to obtain bank loans; the Houston Texans, who were ranked 16th in a listing of the nation's worst

college football teams, the Florida Blazers, whose players went without pay for the last 10 weeks of the season and whose coach had to supply the clubhouse with toilet paper, and the Birmingham Americans, who defeated the Blazers in the first World Bowl and then had their uniforms confiscated on behalf of a creditor.

Nor did the WFL's woes end with last season's curtain. Weren't 75% of the players still owed back salary? Weren't creditors pounding on the door? Hadn't most of the owners dropped from view?

Could any one plan rectify all this? The answer is yes, according to Chris



Hemmeter, a polished, confident 35-year-old Honolulu businessman who was one of the two dozen investors who collectively lost \$3.2 million in the Hawaiians. Late last season, when the WFL was at its lowest ebb, Hemmeter came up with the plan that now bears his name. Shortly thereafter he was elected president of the league, and for the past four months he has been crusading to save it.

The WFL has Canunks (left) and may get Nemeth, but its most valuable asset could well be Hemmeter's. (Below)



Hemmeter has virtually lived on airplanes, traveling about 15,000 miles a week. Four times he flew from Honolulu or the Pacific Coast to Jacksonville for meetings that were canceled on his arrival. He has been forced to do most of his sleeping in the air. Last week, as details relating to the league's revival grew particularly hectic, he slept through an emergency landing in Denver.

His biggest problem has been establishing credibility for the league, an embarrassing process for Hemmeter who is remarkably open and aboveboard in his dealings. When courses of action are suggested that don't appear to him "fair and proper," he is likely to protest, "That would make us seem like a bunch of WFL guys."

Hemmeter's position as chairman of the executive committee of the Bank of Honolulu gained him access to responsible financial figures in most of the cities he visited. Seven of the 11 ownership groups that met in New York had a bank director among their members. Only a handful of last year's owners remain: John Bassett in Memphis; John Bosacco in Philadelphia (his team is set to play in the University of Pennsylvania's Franklin Field); several investors in the Hawaiians; and Sam Battistone, a part

owner of the 1974 Hawaiians who recently purchased a substantial portion of the Southern California franchise.

The Hemmeter Plan that has generated so much enthusiasm is designed to eliminate the old WFL's wonderful fringe benefits: empty promises, bankruptcy, fraud, Internal Revenue Service liens. The basic idea is to make the team's expenses relate to the team's revenues. Specifically, 42% of a team's gate receipts and TV-radio income will go to the players and coaches. Stadium rentals will be roughly 10% of the gate. League assessments will be 10½% of income from the gate, TV-radio and commercial properties, which include penants, programs and hobble-head dolls.

That adds up to roughly two-thirds of a team's income. The remaining portion—37½% of the gate and larger percentages of the other income sources (the formula is obviously complex, its details taking up 108 typewritten pages)—will go into an "Operating Expense and Profit Account" that will cover fixed costs such as office salaries and rent, travel expenses, equipment, publicity expenses, printing and mailing costs and telephone and telegraph. Hemmeter has put a ceiling of \$650,000 on these costs. This is an austerity figure for pro football, but

continued



WFL members have developed a singular appreciation of the wisdom of economizing. Teams must allocate a minimum of 31% of gross revenues to cover these fixed expenses.

This week each owner will have to come up with between \$600,000 and \$1.2 million, depending on the club's liabilities. And it must be real money, not promises. Of this, a flat sum of \$75,000 goes to the league to help pay its debts, and another chunk is for a 15% down payment on unpaid 1974 player salaries. The remainder, which must amount to at least \$525,000, is the club's working capital. The money must be deposited in an account subject to league inspection.

Under this arrangement, if the league draws only half the attendance it had in 1974 (at an average of \$7 a ticket), it would take at least three seasons to exhaust its basic working capital, Hemminger says. The key factor is tying expenses to revenue. If the WFL averages 17,000 fans per game, Hemminger says it can break even this year. If it averages 25,000, each team can make a \$190,000 profit. (The few percentage points of income not accounted for above are to be used in part to begin clearing up the remaining 89% of unpaid 1974 salaries.)

The stumbling block is whether enough players are willing to play for a percentage of gross income. Since WFL squads will number about 34 players (the NFL has 47 per team), the players will average about 1% each of the payroll pool after the coaching staff is paid. In Birmingham last year 1% would have equaled about \$25,000. (One percent on most NFL clubs would have been about \$70,000, whereas the average NFL salary was only a little over \$30,000.) But in Hawaii, 1% would have amounted to only about \$11,000. To help balance such inequities, the WFL will reintroduce gate sharing, which it dropped halfway through last season in a fit of hometown greed. Now visitors will take 40% of the gate, as in the NFL.

Furthermore, an owner can lure a player with a bonus, or pay him more than a straight percentage, but if he does he must escrow the money before the season begins. Long-term contracts given in 1974 to such NFL stars as Larry Csonka, Calvin Hill and John Gilliam to persuade them to play in the WFL this season will remain in force, although several NFLers who agreed to join the WFL as soon as their NFL contracts

expired have changed their minds. Kenny Stabler, Ted Kwalick and L. C. Greenwood have claimed breach of contract and hope to renegotiate with the NFL. No such course is likely for Csonka and teammates Jim Kick and Paul Warfield, all of whom signed personally guaranteed contracts with Memphis owner John Basset. As Greenwood described it last week, "That means even if there's no football team, those guys got to walk around and do whatever the dude say do. But that's cool if they get paid. Especially the way Csonka felt about Miami."

The percentage plan appeals to someone like Florida's Tommy Reamon, who led the WFL in rushing and shared MVP honors but who did not receive any salary all season long. Reamon now would be assured of an income. And if gross revenues increase, the plan will get better and better looking, since 42% of each new revenue dollar must go into the player-coach pool. Basset has already signed more than 50 collegians to percentage contracts, and the WFL Players' Association says it wants the percentage concept retained in future contracts.

In any event, the pool of available players seems endless. The NFL annually cuts more men than the WFL needs. "What the WFL proved last year," says Basset, "was that a pro football player is a very cheap commodity."

Well, in a way. The money Basset paid and promised Csonka & Co. to jump to the WFL did not reflect a cheap approach. And it was the extravagant sums paid or owed to players that all but killed the league. One contract called for Jacksonville to pay Green Bay's Ted Hendricks \$350,000 in 1975, a figure reportedly arrived at when ex-Jacksonville owner Fran Monaco was told that the highest-paid NFL player made \$340,000. Nor were huge salaries restricted to stars. Jacksonville owes Bob Parrish \$165,000, Bob Parrish.

Cheap or expensive, Basset is going to field a team, and Csonka says he is looking forward to playing the same formative role in the WFL that Joe Namath played in the AFL. And what about Namath? His NFL contract expires May 1 and, as Jet Coach Charley Winner admits, "Namath wants to make one more big hit." To garble Mark Twain, the rumors linking Namath to the WFL are not greatly exaggerated.

A Namath added to a Csonka would

certainly enhance WFL chances of getting a lucrative TV contract, but what the WFL must demonstrate first is stability, which Hemminger has gone to great lengths to establish. He says such things as transportation and hotel costs must be prepaid before the season. Each team's books will be inspected every two weeks. Gate padding will be eliminated. To eliminate fast-buck speculators, no owner can sell his franchise during the first three years of the plan without first offering it to the league for \$100,000.

Despite such safeguards and restrictions, the plan's real attraction is Hemminger himself. Most of the investors are gambling on him, and he has agreed to remain as president of the league for three years. "We're going to have to take a lot of life insurance out on that fellow," said one investor last week. Those who know Hemminger best say that once the plan is in operation and the league apparently secure, he will grow bored and begin to look for a new project. "He has to be creating all the time," says his business associate, Diane Plotts.

For as long as anyone in Hawaii can remember, Hemminger has been a man on the rise. He grew up in California and went to Honolulu in 1962 after graduating from Cornell's School of Hotel Management. As late as 1965 he, his wife Karen and their three children were sharing a two-room gardener's shack. But he was creating a stir in the restaurant business, and by 1967, when he was 28, he had made his first million. Although he has been a success as a restaurateur, hotelman, retailer and most recently as a developer, he laughs at such descriptions.

"People call me a restaurateur," he says, "when I can't cook eggs I can't even read a French menu. I was just providing basic business principles to the restaurant business. That's all I've done with all my businesses." In essence Hemminger is an idea man, one who comes up with the solution that makes a project pay.

His latest business project, and his most ambitious, is the \$150 million Hemminger Center being built in Waikiki. To finance its showpiece, a hotel overlooking the beach, Hemminger needed a \$65 million mortgage, 50% larger than any mortgage ever given previously in the state. "I had to come up with an innovative concept that had high earnings potential but was still conservative, because the project itself would have to be the col-

continued

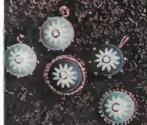


...and now it's time for a Cutty.



**This spring, pick her a diamond
fresh from the garden.**

Your jeweler can show you many exciting diamond pieces starting as low as \$200. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



See diamond peapods, mushrooms, bumble bees, butterflies and flowers bloom in the spring.

Because spring can inspire more romantic gift occasions than any other season.

And a garden variety of affordable diamonds makes the most beautiful gifts, to suit your woman's fancy.

A diamond is forever.



See your jeweler and take your pick from his Spring Garden Collection.

Mazda's rotary engine is guaranteed for as long as Rolls-Royce's engine. Imagine what the rest of the car is like.



The Mazda rotary-engine warranty states that the basic engine block and internal parts will be free of defects, with normal use and prescribed maintenance, for 50,000 miles or 3 years, whichever occurs first, or Mazda will fix it free. This non-transferable warranty is free on all new rotary-engine Mazdas sold and serviced in the continental United States.



You get a remarkable split-level ventilation system that ushers fresh air in through six separate registers.



A carefully designed instrument panel, with easy-to-reach controls and easy-to-read gauges.



One convenient lever controls six different functions. Turn signals, high/low beam, lane-changing and passing signals, windshield washers and wipers.



Every rotary-engine Mazda comes with tachometer to gauge the speed of the engine.



You get dependable power-assisted front disc brakes as well engineered to stop the car at Mazda's rotary engine is to move the car.



Every rotary-engine Mazda comes with fuel-saving radial tires.



This is it, this is THE luxury car in the \$4,000 class. The Mazda RX-4. It makes you wonder if any other car in its class, is in its class.



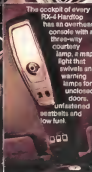
Seats specially designed for support and shape, covered with 16-oz vinyl or lush velour.



The seat with a memory. As the back tilts forward, the whole seat scoots forward automatically, allowing easy access to the back. Then the entire seat is easily returned to its original pre-set position.



Mazda offers a smooth, quiet, responsive automatic transmission.



The cockpit of every RX-4 Hardtop has an overhead console with a three-way courtesy lamp, a map-light that swivels and warning lamps for unclosed doors, unlatched seatbelts and low fuel.

Tough engine. Tough car.


© 1973 Mazda Motor of America, Inc. All rights reserved.

lateral," he says. What Hemmeter came up with was a 40-story, twin-towered hotel (the highest building in Honolulu), the towers connected by a Great Hall more than 100 yards long and 10 stories high at some points. There will be 16 waterfalls in the Great Hall, three of them five stories high; 60 shops on three different tiers; a dozen restaurants and nightclubs. Each hotel accommodation will have a bedroom and a living room area.

Now that that project is well under way Hemmeter has turned his attention to football. He admits that getting involved with it in the first place was a mistake. His participation was something of a civic gesture. Honolulu was building a 50,000-seat stadium, but no one was coming forward to bankroll the Hawaiians. "I feel like such a fool," he says of last year's disaster. "That's why I'm doing all this, to show people that it can be done. I don't mind losing money, but when you lose it looking like a fool, well, that's not my idea of a good time."

There are other motivations. Last year Hemmeter got a lot of friends and associates to invest in the Hawaiians with him. "I want a reputation that says, if you invest with me I'll do everything possible to protect that investment," he says. "Otherwise, people will say, 'Sure he's had a lot of successes, but he was also the guy that had that WFL thing.'" However, Hemmeter claims, it is the creative challenge that intrigues him even more.

"The bigger the challenge the happier I am," he says. "I started the biggest project in the history of Hawaii, and this WFL thing was the biggest sports disaster in history."

Last week, in a rare moment of relaxation, Hemmeter reflected on the state of sport. "I don't think any professional sports league today is totally stable," he said. "They're all disasters waiting to happen. It just so happened that the WFL was first. But I think this is the league of the future. I don't delude myself into thinking my plan is the savior of sports as an industry, but it can be the savior of sports as a financial entity, and there's a keen distinction. This plan will allow the WFL to endure as a financial entity, and let it exploit itself on the field where it belongs."

He had warmed to his subject suddenly—and uncharacteristically—he allowed himself to get carried away. "The plan is mathematically infallible," he declared.

END

Pall Mall Extra Mild

45% less 'tar'

than the
best-selling
filter king.



PALL MALL EXTRA MILD "tar" 10 mg., nicotine, 0.7 mg.
Best-selling filter king... "tar" 19 mg., nicotine, 1.2 mg.
Of all brands, lowest... "tar" 2 mg., nicotine, 0.3 mg.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec. 74.

EXERCISE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR

Putting aside his several pets for the moment, the versatile Arthur Jones is concentrating on a contraption that builds strong bodies several ways **by BARRY McDERMOTT**



Funny thing about Arthur Jones: he doesn't look like a swashbuckler. Anything but. At 52 his face is too craggy, his eyes aren't quite blue enough and there are distinct bags under them. He lives in a sleepy central Florida hamlet called Lake Helen, definitely not a hot spot. Still, there are clues that give away his other life. For one thing, Arthur Jones keeps a 12-foot, one-eyed alligator around the house.

Behind his disguise as Mr. Middle Age, Jones is an adventurer, airplane pilot, onetime mercenary, moviemaker and inventor. He has been bitten by 1) rattlesnakes, 2) lions, 3) men and other dangerous critters. He has married four times, been near death even more often and figures that there is hardly a country he has not visited—at least on a bombing run.

So much for flashbacks. This is to report that Arthur Jones has now turned his full attention to sport, and if he has not yet left a lasting mark on it, he has denied it up a bit. Jones has become a *confutant*. Dick Butkus invites him over for dinner. He has Don Shula's private phone number. Mercury Morris rides in his airplane.

This new celebrity status derives from the Nautilus machines Jones invented. They are a collection of weird contraptions designed to make athletes run faster, jump higher and play longer. The Miami Dolphins use Nautilus machines. So do most other NFL teams as well as a growing list of colleges, high schools, health clubs and YMCAs.

The sports world is always looking for its next Hula-Hoop and right now Nautilus equipment seems to be it, the hottest thing in physical training. There are 50 variations, each designed to work a specific muscle group. Sales have in-

Relaxed among his reptiles, Jones feels one way to fix critics is to put them in the pit.

creased 200% each of the last four years and orders are backlogged, even though a Nautilus installation can run from several thousand dollars to about \$20,000.

*Nautilus machines are used by track athletes and basketball players. Businessmen, housewives and weight lifters are equally enamored with Nautilus results. Orthopedic surgeons buy them for rehabilitating their patients. Nautilus training centers are opening up across the country. One in Dallas has 50 machines, and there are people outside the doors at 6 a.m. waiting to get in.

The machines are about as bizarre as their creator. Some models look as if they belong out on the north 40, getting in the wheat. Many come with seat belts and there is one in which the athlete has to crank himself into position. Basic to them all is the isolation and concentration of force on the muscles exercised.

Not everybody loves Nautilus. Some critics, notably body builders, have resisted and ridiculed the machines, but their boos have been all but drowned out. Jones recently installed the 665-pound, one-eyed alligator in a pool outside his research gym and says he is contemplating building a door that opens onto a greased slide into the alligator pond and marking it **BODY BUILDERS**. Jones does not like people who do not like his machines.

Larry Gardner was the trainer of the world championship 1971 Dallas Cowboys and 1973 Miami Dolphins. "Let us just say that Nautilus isn't any better for strength building than the conventional methods of physical training," he says. "I think it is, but let us just suppose that all things are equal. Even so, Nautilus is better for three reasons: safety, since you don't have to worry about a barbell falling on you; flexibility, since you get a full range of motion from the exercises; and form, since most injuries in training occur when the person is out of position. The Nautilus machines are designed so you have to use good form to use them."

The tributes go on. Mike Reid, Cincinnati's All-Pro defensive tackle, had a chronic case of bad knees when he came out of Penn State, a condition that survived four operations. After the Bengals installed Nautilus equipment in 1972,

Reid was able to play an entire season without a knee injury for the first time in his career. That was reason enough for teammate Pat Matson to open two health clubs in Cincinnati and outfit them with Nautilus machines. Pete Brown, the Bengals' director of player personnel, now has a Nautilus franchise in seven Midwestern states.

Nautilus might turn out to be Jones' greatest success. In seeking his fortune, he has been a barnstorming pilot, a snake broker who sold several hundred thousand pounds of reptiles a year and an animal importer-exporter. He has operated airlines in Latin America and airplanes in Africa, doubling as a mercenary and filmmaker. Because Jones has never had a feel for what to do with money after he has made it—other than to spend it—he has wound up with little to show for his adventures.

Above all, Jones is a man in search of an audience, a raconteur who dominates whatever stage he is on. He finds no need to be humble and offers no apology. What other men would regard as gross defeats he sees as victories.

"I've done 50 things in my life, any one of which another man would give anything to have done once," says Jones. "I've been the length of the Congo, Nile and Amazon. I've captured an adult crocodile and an African elephant. I've invented a camera mount that is so steady you can use it from a helicopter flying in a whirlwind and the picture will be in focus. I've run a jeep into a tree at 60 mph, been bitten by poisonous snakes 24 times, and hundreds of times by nonpoisonous snakes, survived a couple of plane crashes that weren't my fault, been chewed up by a lion and several other cats and been shot six times, axed once and stabbed on occasion. It's been exciting."

The Jones face tells the story of that excitement. His head has a perpetual forward tilt, as if he were peering over the top of eyeglasses, courtesy of a broken neck, suffered when a lion bit him. He smokes cigarettes incessantly and gets little sleep. But Jones has the muscular body of a 25-year-old. He gives the appearance, perhaps deliberately, of a man a moment away from violence.

There is reason: Jones is always ready

with countless tales of enemies and murky plots against him. Without smiling he says, "I've killed 600 elephants and 73 men in my life, and I'm more sorry about the elephants." Among the men who know Jones best, none will dispute his stories of mayhem—but most feel



Straining mightily, Mercury Morris works on a machine named for a nautilus seashell.

they are told for theatrical effect like, say, wearing sunglasses at night. A typical yarn has Jones becoming incensed when he learned a body builder had offered one of Jones' sons a marijuana cigarette. Versions of the subsequent battle vary, but the most-told one has Jones beating somebody unmercifully, with appropriate kicks and head smashings. One gets the idea. "I think it's a story that Arthur likes told," says an acquaintance. "It sort of keeps the townspeople in line." It also gets the attention of football coaches.

continued

Whether his intention is to outrage or grab attention, a story by Jones evokes reactions ranging from terror to laughter. He has a deep, distinctive voice, one that viewers of his old *Wild Cargo* television show would instantly recognize. As he gets involved in an anecdote his ears wiggle, his head jerks forward and his shoulders twitch. His speech is more lecture than conversation, the words often coming out in capital letters for emphasis. Listening, one gets the feeling that Jones has never been wrong. If he has, no one has found out.

Jones' manufacturing plant in Lake Helen is a large prefabricated building covering three blocks, a place frequently visited by coaches, trainers, athletes, professors, the curious and, occasionally, the unbalanced. On a recent day there were several pro football players, Burkus included; a couple of college athletes; a university professor; a body builder who drives 200 miles several times a week so he can work out on Nautilus equipment; "Sammy," who has lost well over 111 pounds while exercising under controlled conditions; a former Mr. America and another young man who said he wanted to be one; and a visiting chiropractor who claimed he could increase a person's strength by giving him a neck massage. To all of them Nautilus was an irresistible lure.

Said the professor, Dr. Stanley Plagenhoef of the University of Massachusetts, "Jones must be a mechanical genius. It's hard to figure out these machines after you see them already assembled, let alone try to make them."

After they study the Nautilus equipment the visitors study Arthur Jones and listen to his tales of adventure, most involving animals, which he finds more agreeable and occasionally as intelligent as people. "I had a jaguar once who learned how to open doors," Jones says. "I've seen elephants show more sense than people. If you can believe this, I knew a guy in New Orleans once who actually kept a goose tied up in his backyard. Now you know that a goose can be just about the meanest, most irascible creature on this earth. Can you imagine keeping one in your backyard? And then the guy had the gall to get mad when my jaguar tried to eat his goose. Some people think I'm crazy, a maniac. But they leave me alone."

Until recently, Jones kept an albino crocodile, the predecessor of the one-

eyed alligator, in a big tub outside his Lake Helen home. Jones also has a six-legged tortoise, a small wildcat called a jaguarundi, a slew of scorpions and baby pythons that belong to his 30-year-old wife Liza, who is an entomologist, a big lizard, plus miscellaneous spiders and insects.

Jones says he is averse to publicity, but that is a bit hard to take. Once one of his planes crash-landed when he was opening a snake show in Cincinnati. The pilot claimed he could not lower the landing gear, but there is a story that Jones paid him \$1,000 to belly in the plane, a guarantee of front-page coverage. Jones denies it. Terry Flynn, a United Press International reporter at the time, remembers watching Jones prove why a mongoose can always beat a cobra in a fight. "He walked into a room where he had these snakes, flicked a cobra so it would sit straight up, then began popping it on top of the head, jerking his hand back before it could strike him. I was convinced he was crazy."

Jones once traveled with a large lion which he locked in the bathroom of his hotel room while he made calls. After hearing the lion roar, the maids refused to clean the room, and the big cat ate or destroyed most of the room's furnishings, beginning with the bathroom door.

On another occasion in Mexico, Jones was in a pit with several boa constrictors, which he says are basically harmless unless you are a rabbit, when one of the snakes latched onto his arm. A man outside the pit grabbed the snake's tail and pulled. He got the snake away smartly—but several of its teeth remained embedded in Jones' arm. The man was convulsed with laughter. Jones grabbed the snake, doubled it up for use as a black-jack and chased the man, beating him over the head with the reptile.

Fighting weaves a zigzag pattern through Jones' life. He admits to being a mercenary on occasion. "I've run airlines in Latin America and flown planes in Africa," he says. "What else do you need to know? You can say we were engaged in antiterrorist activity, only drop the 'anti.' You're just creating outrages. Whatever the other side does, you do just a little worse."

Jones has had a lifelong fascination with airplanes. He now has three—a Beechcraft Baron, a Cherokee Six, a big twin-engine Fairchild propjet—plus a helicopter. He began flying in 1939 and

logged some 20,000 hours before he tired of counting. Between 1963 and 1967 his logbooks show that he flew in 57 countries. And for each hour of flying he has two stories to tell, especially from the days when he was hauling animals; like the time he flew a load of fish to Tampa for some South American clients.

"We hadn't been airborne but a few minutes when one of the owners of the fish accidentally started a life raft inflating, which can be a dangerous thing in a crowded airplane. First he tried to bite a hole in it, which was something to see. Finally someone punctured it with a screwdriver. We had a fuel stop scheduled for the Dominican Republic, which just happened to have a fresh military coup under way. Needless to say, the soldiers were quite interested in our plane, since it was a converted B-25 bomber. I took off from there so fast that I fouled one of the engines. One of the passengers was pounding me on the back and screaming hysterically while pointing out the window at the engine, which was putting out some ominous-looking smoke. Then we ran into a hurricane over Miami, landed and had to take off again because the fish were in danger of spoiling. When we got over Tampa the tower refused to believe anyone could be flying in that weather. They thought it was a prankster on the radio. We finally made it. I won't even go into the trouble we had with the customs officials who blocked our plane with their car at one point in Miami, until I revved up one of the props and got the plane moving. The prop would have made scrap iron out of that car. Earlier the customs people were hinting around to see if I would be interested in bombing Cuba."

Jones is always working under an overload or self-imposed stress; he is so furious when he hears of a competitor downgrading his Nautilus machines that much of his day is spent explaining how he is going to defeat his business enemies. At a recent convention the competition installed one of its machines in a hotel lobby and went out for an evening of conviviality. Imagine their surprise when they returned to the hotel at 2 a.m. and discovered their machine disassembled and spread out on the lobby floor with Arthur Jones and several of his assistants taking photographs of the parts.

In 1968 Jones was at least \$500,000 in debt after an ill-fated wild animal moving scheme in Rhodesia ended in

Grand Prix Followers Know, Only V.O. is V.O.



Seagram's V.O. is a blend of selected Canadian whiskies. © 1978 J.A.J. Food, Boston, MA 02118, U.S.A.



Wherever Formula Ones go,
people know only V.O. is V.O.
The First Canadian in
popularity around the world.

Seagram's V.O.
The First Canadian.



PACK THE PIPERS SCOTCH

100 PIPERS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) • SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

IT'S MADE FOR WEEKENDS LIKE THIS

Pack the Pipers Scotch. It's all set to go in its own zippered case.
Pipers—blended and bottled in Scotland by Seagram's.



a squabble with the government and the confiscation of \$1,610,000 worth of his equipment and belongings, including two airplanes and a helicopter. Rhodesia claimed the seizure was to settle Jones' debts. Jones, who insists he was square with Rhodesia, called it theft.

"Well," said wife Liza after they arrived back in the U.S., "what do we do now?"

"I can go to General Motors or Ford because they're the only ones who can afford me," said Arthur. "They'll say, 'What do you do?' And I'll say, 'Anything you want, better than anyone you've ever had.' They'll say, 'How much do you want?' I'll say, 'Well, half a million to start. That will about pay my debts. But after six months I will need a raise.' And that will end that conversation."

Instead Jones borrowed \$2,500 from a sister and built a machine he dubbed "The Blue Monster." It was the first practical Nautilus, a pullover-torso model. Liza made the upholstery for it. Jones loaded it onto a trailer and drove non-stop to a weight-lifting meet in Los Angeles, arriving with \$7 and an expired credit card in his pocket. People were interested. In 1971 the Kansas City Chiefs became the first pro team to buy the machine, and Jones says a year or so later he turned down \$15 million from a group of investors who wanted 49% of his company.

To call Nautilus a weight-lifting machine is a vast oversimplification. The core of the apparatus is a small cam fashioned in the shape of the interior of a nautilus seashell, the cam's silhouette being similar to an archer's bow. Basically the cam allows resistance to be varied throughout the exercise so that as the strength of the muscles changes, the load they are asked to move varies correspondingly. The result is minimal exercise time and maximal muscle growth and strength gain. Jones recommends that workouts on his machines be restricted to 45-minute sessions three times a week.

"At first people don't believe it," says Nautilus advocate Casey Viator. "I was skeptical, like everybody else who thought they had to work out four hours a day seven days a week to get any results." Viator won the 1971 Mr. America title after training on Nautilus equipment. Now he is 23, has a 31-inch waist, a 51-inch chest and upper arms that are

almost 19 inches in circumference. He stands 5'8" and weighs a bit over 200 pounds. He follows no special diet. In fact, on a recent promotional trip across the country, Viator never skipped the bread, potatoes or dessert. And he has not done sit-ups in three years because Jones calls them superfluous.

Viator was part of a controversial Nautilus project termed the Colorado Experiment that was conducted in May of 1973 at Colorado State University. In 28 days, under the supervision of Dr. Elliott R. Plewe, a professor of physical education, and several other faculty members, Viator showed an increase of 63.2 pounds of muscular mass while exercising on Nautilus machines. In that period, he took part in 14 high-intensity workouts, each averaging almost 34 minutes.

To be sure, there were extenuating circumstances. Viator had lost part of a finger in an industrial accident four months before and had not trained since. His weight and strength had declined appreciably, so he could be expected to make some gains upon resuming training. But the results were spectacular. "If I hadn't wasted it, I don't think I could believe it," Plewe noted a year later.

Many people still refuse to accept the result. A competitor in the weight-training field claimed that the "before" photos had been retouched to make Viator appear smaller. One Colorado State educator was so shocked by Viator's transformation that he badgered Jones and Plewe for the "secret" food supplement that he thought must be responsible for the additional weight. Jones finally told him, "It's elephant dung. I discovered a tribe of super warriors in Africa who used it in their diet."

"I knew it," cried the man triumphantly. "Where can I get some?"

"People don't want to believe the truth," says Jones. "They want a secret, the 'magic belt' that will take inches off their waist, the high-protein supplement that will make their muscles grow. They want vitamins to make them younger, health foods, organic vegetables. A balanced diet and exercise are the secrets to good health. But you try and tell that to one of these muscle-head guys, and they don't want to listen. They still take all the pills, all the vitamins and all the growth drugs."

The Nautilus machines provide additional benefits. Surgeons and physical

continued



IT'S MORE FUN TO HOLE OUT AT THE RODEWAY INN

I don't play at the Masters, of course. They won't even let me caddy although I've been called a caddy many times. Ho ho!

But back at the Rodeway Inn—ah, that's where I star! You, too!

You don't have to win any tournament to get the super treatment. They even have rooms with private steambaths and La-Z-Boy recliners. Just ask for The Man's Room No. not the men's Room, The Man's Room. It's designed for the business traveler. Great for relaxing. All Rodeway Inns have color TV, of course. You must have good color TV. You might even see me! Everything fits you to a tee... at the Rodeway Inn.

FOR RESERVATIONS,
CALL TOLL-FREE
(800) 228-2000



"The Best Thing That Happens to You All Day"

Get my latest book! Free!

Here's the inside story of Rodeway Inns as revealed for the first time by me! It will be a big help to you when you're traveling. So mail this coupon right now! You'll get it free!

Books: Nelson Books
Business Bureau of New York
P.O. Box 807
Hoboken, New Jersey 07030
David J. Nelson

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Minolta helps you scale the heights.

Reach the top with a camera that doesn't hold you back, a camera fast enough to catch the fleeting moment.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. Because the viewfinder shows all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing, you never have to look

away from your subject. So you're ready to catch that once-in-a-lifetime photo.



Minolta SR-T 100/Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102

In your camera's manual or call 800-878-7810, enter the Minolta Creative Photography Contest. Good. Prize: two weeks in the south-Pacific islands for two. \$1000 cash, and a Minolta SR-T 102. 1428 other valuable prizes will be awarded. Nothing to buy. Minolta equipment not required. See your Minolta dealer for details and registration. Or write: Minolta Creative Photography Contest, Box 1831, West, Neb. 68002.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a 35mm all- interchangeable lenses, from 28mm wide angle to super-telephoto.

A Minolta SR-T can help you reach the peaks of photography. For more information, visit your photo dealer or write: Minolta Corporation, 301 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglo-Japan Ltd. P.O.

EXERCISE

therapists find them superior tools for rehabilitation work, Jones filmed Dick Butkus' knee operation last summer and is keeping a cinematic record of his progress. Next fall Jones wants to film every Georgia Tech football game until the inevitable knee injury occurs, then film the victim as he progresses from surgery to recovery while exercising on Nautilus.

A few weeks ago Jones launched perhaps the most ambitious of all his Nautilus projects, the ultimate convincer, a program he feels "will send shock waves throughout the sports world." Fittingly for a man of mystery, Jones feels that this latest adventure must be kept secret for the moment, even though he was able to offer certain clues. Among them: the test program is being methodically supervised by several people of unimpeachable character; it involves a large group of strong young men and three special Nautilus machines; finally, "nothing like it has ever been done before."

"What if there was a way to solve the old-time bughoo of neck injuries?" Jones muses, still not telling his secret. "What if one could properly strengthen the neck through isolated workouts? Imagine the effect it would have on sport." And what if after only two hours of such workouts, the machine proved that it had grabbed another problem by the collar? It had indeed, Jones revealed. And so much for secrets.

Arthur Jones finds himself in the curious position of a man who has spent his life fighting with people, and now has given them a tool to improve their health, the device to fix up a tennis elbow, to repair housemaid's knee or take the balloon out of a beer belly. Could Arthur Jones be Dr. Tom Dooley with muscles, the quixottesimal humanitarian, building Nautilus machines for the welfare of mankind? "You don't do things for that reason," he says. "Anybody who says he does is a liar. You're interested in a particular subject because it intrigues you. If someone else benefits from it, so be it. But that other stuff is junk. You start out doing something for yourself. If I get some money out of this, I'd like to make some more movies, but they'd have to be done without outside influence. I'd like to relocate an entire herd of African elephants in this country, and then try to save them from extinction. And I would like to bomb Rhodesia and stomp on the ashes."

Spoken like a true sportsman. **END**

Now you can re-live history as news.



At your newsstand beginning mid-May.*
Only \$1.00 for the special edition, printed on heavier paper for years of reading and reference.

For information on special rates for bulk orders for schools and organizations, phone toll-free: 800-621-8290 (in Illinois 800-972-8302).

You've never seen a magazine like the TIME Bicentennial Issue. Or experienced history in quite the same way. In this special issue of TIME, you'll live through the week our nation was born, as TIME covers it, department by department—from the signing of the Declaration of Independence to the start of the British invasion... from the ideas of Tom Paine, Adam Smith, and Edward Gibbon to Voltaire's put-down of Shakespeare... from the tangled love affairs of Empress Catherine of Russia to Mesmer's bold experiments in hypnosis. Here is a magazine you'll keep for years to come.

TIME's issue of July 4, 1776

*Active TIME subscribers at the time of publication will receive a copy of the Bicentennial Issue.

BUYING NOVA NOW COULD BE THE SMARTEST MOVE OF YOUR CAR- BUYING LIFE.

Why Nova?

Great value, that's why. Chevrolet's been building and refining the

compact, six-passenger Nova for years. So you know what you're getting: a sensibly sized, sensibly priced, solidly built, easy-to-drive, easy-to-park car - with an economical six-cylinder engine.

Yet the '75 Nova is new and different in several important ways. It's beautifully restyled, for one thing, and offers a series of engineering improvements over the '74 model.

As a result, it runs cleaner. And in 50,000 miles of driving, a '75 Nova

using unleaded gasoline should cost about \$300 less in scheduled maintenance than a '74 Nova using leaded fuel.

There's also a brand-new Nova model for '75: Nova LN, Chevy's most luxurious compact ever.

Standard features include reclining front seats, lounge-chair comfort and very close attention to color coordination.

Why now?

Why not? Besides all the excellent reasons we've already cited, there's the economic climate itself. It strongly suggests

there are some real Nova deals available. And you'd be helping the national economy by buying a new Nova now.

Consider, too, that many used car values have been surprisingly high this year. So the trade-in allowance your Chevy dealer offers you could well be an unexpected pleasure.

Make that short trip to your nearest Chevy dealer's soon. And ask to see a car that's just right for the times. The '75 Nova.



**Now that
makes sense**
CHEVROLET
MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA




ROLLERBALL

It is the 21st century and war has been abolished by the corporations that rule the globe, but the people crave violence and find it in a game that posts the dead and maimed on the scoreboard as well as goals. A new movie that could spark a new sport

by CLIVE GAMMON

CONTINUED





The Tokyo team—yellow jerseys, black samurai headbands, motorcycle leathers—stands in the center of the arena, divided and angry with itself. “That was a cheap score,” one player snarls. Another mutters, “We’ll get them again, we’ll get them again.” The short man who dangles a bullhorn and looks like a coach is unhappy, too. “You got to get in there and play defense,” he growls.

The next play starts with a crackling exhalation of compressed air. From a cannon mouth set high on the raked wall of the arena, a heavy metal hail six inches in diameter is discharged, whizzing too fast to be seen. It rackets around the rim of the circular stadium like a roulette ball, gradually slowing into visibility. Then, with the ear-shattering cacophony of an armored division roaring through the cobbled streets of a small town, motorcycle engines rev up to a screech and the hardwood floor of the bowl is hammered by the desperately accelerating roller skates of the unmounted players—seven in the orange of the Houston team, seven in the yellow of Tokyo, protected or menaced by three auxiliary cycle riders on each team.

The Houston catcher intercepts the hail, raises it high, then grabs at the steel tubing welded behind the saddle of a Houston cycle. The cyclist accelerates to 45 mph, hauling the catcher behind him. Other Houston skaters, clinging to the two other Houston cycles, form a wedge around the catcher, individuals breaking off to crash into the Tokyo defense as it tries to stop this first obligatory circuit of the arena before a score can be made. Bodies crunch formidably. A cycle skaters off course and crashes, its wheels spinning in air, the rider scurrying to safety. But Houston barrels on, and the second time around the man in possession of the ball is close to making a score, which is accomplished by hurling the ball into a magnetized tunnel. This time, though, the last-ditch Tokyo defensemen do a better job. The Houston wedge is shattered by a flurry of kicks and karate chops. Impeded, the Houston player hurls the ball wide. It goes out of play, and the Tokyo skaters still standing grab each other and scream with joy.

However, Tokyo had in fact fouled it

up. “Houston was *meow* to score that time,” says the man with the bullhorn despairingly.

There is a story, no doubt apocryphal, that the great Russian director Eisenstein recruited several thousand Tatar tribesmen to work as extras in the battle scenes when he was making *Ivan the Terrible*, and that they were so carried away by the fighting that a number of Red Army tanks had to be called in to stop the all-too-real carnage.

No tanks were needed at the Basketball Stadium in Munich’s Olympic complex last fall, when producer-director Norman Jewison was making his film, *Rollerball*, which is to be released by United Artists on June 24. But a kind of involvement similar to the one that fatally gripped the Russian tribesmen had clearly cast a spell on the muscular athletes—California Roller Derby pros, English roller-hockey players, battered stuntmen—that Jewison recruited to play the crunchingly violent game, a murderous amalgam of pro football, Roller Derby, hockey, judo and motorcycle racing, which is the centerpiece of his film. Four teams are involved: Madrid, Tokyo, Houston and New York. As Jewison discovered in the course of making the film, as soon as an athlete donned a colored jersey he strongly identified with his team and felt compelled to play for real. Hence such unfortunate lapses as Houston’s failure to score when the script called for it.

Eddie Kuho, recruited from Santa Clara, Calif., to captain the Tokyo team because of his Oriental appearance, spoke for most of the players: “We want to skate the game,” he said. “When we start up, everybody forgets the filming and we’re competing for the ball. I certainly think this could be a viable game. You’d have to tighten up the rules to stop it being a bloodbath. There’d have to be a definite pattern for the cycles to follow. You’d have to play it Madrid rules. No coming up and chipping a guy from behind. None of that.”

Madrid rules aren’t an exotic Spanish variation of the regular ones. The film springs from a short story by William Harrison, which postulates a society 40 years from now in which war has been abolished by a world government of pu-

ternalist corporations. Society demands a war substitute, however, and this is provided through sport—more and more deadly sport relayed to audiences of up to 4 billion on a kind of super TV called Multivision. But the corporations are uneasy about a new development in the most popular sport of all—rollerball. Their philosophy does not allow for the emergence of a superstar, especially one who shows signs of rebelling against the system, as does Jonathan E., the catcher of the Houston team. In 2018, when the movie starts, Houston has reached the playoffs of the World Rollerball League for the third straight year and is competing against Madrid in the quarterfinals. In this contest the rules, while permitting a great deal of pummeling and body contact, are still those of a game, even though the electronic scoreboard flashes casualty lists as well as goals.

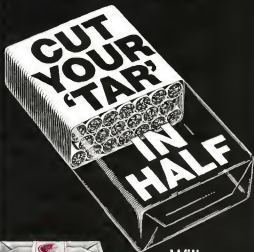
But Jonathan E. (played by James Caan) has to be destroyed, the corporations decide. So in the next game against Tokyo the rules are amended so that the sport becomes still more violent, and in the final, in which Houston plays New York, they are virtually abandoned in favor of general mayhem.

Madrid rules, freewheeling as they are, make it just possible to play rollerball in reality, and last September in Germany, in the final week of shooting, the players were determined to put on a game for the public before the teams split up. The Basketball Stadium holds about 5,000 people; 8,500 turned up for the game and police had to be called out to turn away the unlucky ones.

Jewison, who directed *The Cornucopia* and *Fiddlers on the Roof*, was delighted that the game devised for his film turned out to be one that can be played in earnest. “It can be played, if it’s played with very strict rules, Madrid rules,” he said on the set. “But it is still a very violent game, though maybe no more so than football. There is a gladiatorial aspect to rollerball that frightens me. I keep cautioning the boys about it. They are all athletes—skaters, bikemen, stuntmen—and they love body contact, they love playing with a ball, they love speed and agility, and there is an enormous amount of skill involved. They experience the excitement of doing something

continued

Smokers of the best-selling
regular size cigarette:



With
**LUCKY
100's**

Full 100 mm. long and only 10 mg. 'tar'

For king size ask for Lucky Ten



LUCKY 100's

Best selling regular size

Of all brands, lowest

'tar' 10 mg nicotine, 0.8 mg

'tar' 25 mg nicotine, 1.6 mg

'tar' 2 mg nicotine, 0.2 mg

Av. Per Cigarette, FTC Report Oct '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LUCKY 100's, 10 mg. 'tar', 0.8 mg. nicotine,
LUCKY TEN, 10 mg. 'tar', 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct '74

ROLLERBALL continued

really well, and I can understand their desire. But I am totally opposed to playing rollerball before a paying audience."

There may be something a little disingenuous about the way Jewison draws back in horror from the idea of rollerball being accepted as an actual sport. To a large extent he created the game, and his film will acquaint millions with it. Once the movie is released, it seems highly likely that there will be demonstration games, and if rollerball catches on, United Artists could find itself with a multimillion-dollar franchise.

What does Jewison have to say to the notion that *Rollerball* will, like *A Clockwork Orange*, itself engender violence? "I'll have failed if that happens," he remarks. "One of the problems of dealing with violence as a subject matter is that you have to use violence to discuss it. I had to have it in the film to carry through my ideas."

The chief of these is Jewison's theory that people want to see death and injury, that they are fascinated by it. Violence is an obscenity, he maintains, but it exists. "I'm a sports fan myself and my favorite sport is ice hockey, one of the most violent of sports. What people really want to see is blood on the ice. You have diehards who are just watching on the chance that some guy is going to get wrapped up."

"This game, rollerball, is a tool to help me say what I want to say. I hope it's not going to get too big—like cards in *The Cincinnati Kid*, which wasn't really just about a poker game. The card game was an instrument that got out of hand. That was also the problem in *A Clockwork Orange*. In the last three reels this distasteful, brutal, terrifying creature started to take on heroic proportions. That was exactly the opposite of what the author, Anthony Burgess, was trying to say in his book."

Such subtleties tend to be lost when the action starts on the 17-degree pitch of the wooden arena-cum-track that Herbert Schurmann, the world's leading architect of cycle and motorbike tracks, built of hardwood inside the Olympic basketball showplace. There just isn't any doubt in the observer's mind that here is a viable game. Even a two-minute take is sufficient to suspend disbelief. Like Baron Frankenstein, Jewison may have created something that won't be kept locked up indoors. **END**

The fact that we like our work shows in our work.



And we must like our work.

A lot of us mechanics have been at it for more than 30 years.

We've worked on just about every kind of prop and jet. And usually, because we work for Pan Am, we've had first crack at working on just about

every new aircraft. (Pan Am was the airline that introduced the Boeing 707 and 747, and practically every aircraft innovation.)

Of course, we've never heard a passenger say, "I like to fly Pan Am because of their mechanics."

But we have heard pilots say it.



PAN AM

The spirit of '75.

See your Travel Agent.

IN THE LAND OF



THE GIANTS

Reunite some of the most powerful wrestlers in Cooper's
Burr, Sully, Thurston, Wells, Mays, Dusty Rhodes
in MC DUNOON'S with **THE** 1994



THE LUNHOUSE MAYS WAS A GIANT ROOKIE IN 1991 WHEN
THOMPSON CONNECTED, AND A SUPERSTAR IN 1994 WHEN
RHODES LIGHTED UP A SERIES STORM AND LEG'S PRIZ

©1994

People are always telling me that the biggest thrill in my life must have been watching Bobby Thomson's home run go into the Polo Grounds bleachers. They are wrong on only two counts: 1) I didn't see it, and 2) I wasn't thrilled, because I went into shock. The mind, I learned that day, can be a very strange and frightening thing.

It's Oct. 3, 1951. My New York Giants had tied my old team, the Dodgers, for the National League pennant by winning 37 of their last 44 games in the greatest stretch run in the history of baseball. In August we'd been 13½ games back. We'd split the first two playoff games, and now it's the last half of the ninth inning of the decider and we trail the Dodgers 4-1.

I felt good when I went out to the coaching lines because the team had done such a heck of a job all year long and I knew we were going to leave the field with our heads in the air, win or lose. But that doesn't mean I thought we had any real chance to win. I'm an optimist, but I'm not a nut.

But the first two Giants, Alvin Dark and Don Mueller, singled, and now I become goose-pimply all over and, boy, my wheels are spinning because Monte Irvin, my best hitter, is coming to bat. I got to get me another knock here. If Irvin hits it out, the score is tied. But if Irvin singles, I have a run in and the tying runs on base, with Whaley Lockman coming to bat. Am I going to play it conservatively and let Lockman bunt or am I going to cross them up and go for the whole half of wax? Irvin takes that decision out of my hands by fouling out. I really need another little knock now. I got to get that tying run on. Lockman lines a high outside pitch into the left-field corner for a double, scoring Dark and sending Mueller to third.

But Mueller is laid out at third base and his ankle is twisted. It proved to be only a bad sprain, but from the way he looked while Doc Bowman, our trainer,

was examining his ankle I was sure it was broken. Now the last thing in the world you want when you have a pitcher on the ropes is to give him a chance to compose himself, and so I'm screaming insults at the Brooklyn pitcher, Don Newcombe. Not that I needed any encouragement. The truth is I had been trying to get into a fight with Newcombe from along about the fourth inning. After every inning, I had waited for him to pass me on his way to the dugout so I could let him know what a choke-artist he was. Inning after inning, Don had just walked on by and given me the kind of winking look that says, "Keep trying, Leo, but I ain't going to work." And inning after inning, he had grown stronger and stronger.

A favorite trivia question is, "Who was on base when Bobby Thomson hit his home run?" The trick is that there was a runner for Mueller. Hooked down my bench and for some reason picked out Clint Hartung, who was 6'5" and far from the best or fastest runner on the team.

Just as the game was about to resume, Charlie Dressen, the Dodger manager, went out to the mound to talk to Newcombe. Another delay. I'm screaming everything at him now, but it turns out to be wasted effort for Dressen waves to the bullpen and in comes Ralph Branca.

As Big Newk left the mound he started cackling for me. "Well, here I go again," I said to myself, and Hartung, who was standing right alongside me, said, "Let him come over here, I'll take care of him." That's when I knew why I had picked Clint Hartung. He was the only man in the hall park bigger than Don Newcombe.

Newk took a couple more steps in my direction before he got hold of himself and swerved sharply away toward the clubhouse, with the fans waving their handkerchiefs at him as he went up the runway.

Branca indicated he was ready. Thomson approached the plate and, as my mind was wrenched back to the ball game, I remembered something. Branca had last pitched in the first playoff game, and Bobby had hit a home run off him. I called time and ran to the batter's circle to remind Bobby that the home-run pitch had been a curve or a slider, probably a slider, which meant he wouldn't be seeing it now.

"What do you think?" Bobby said.

I said, "I think he'll throw you a fast one, high and tight, like they always try to pitch you. Be ready for it, Bobby! Go to ripping at it! Get me a base hit here!"

So the first pitch came down Thomson's alley, right where he liked it, and he took it for a strike.

Bobby looked at me, his eyes wide in disgust, and I hollered, "Come on! He'll throw you another one."

I'm not thinking of a home run; a home run never occurred to me. This is the last inning. *If I've got to get that ring run in, that's all I'm thinking.* Now, when the ball left Thomson's bat I thought it was going to hit the wall; it didn't occur to me that it was going over. Very few home runs were hit into the lower deck at the Polo Grounds because of the overhang from the upper deck. Only a line shot—a rising line drive—ever went in there. This one was far too low to hit the overhang, and it was a *sloping* line drive. I can't remember any ball hit like that ever going in.

Remember, I'm coaching at third. I've got work to do. As soon as I saw the ball was up in the air, I automatically yelled for Hartung to tag up. A split second later, I could see the ball wasn't going to be caught and I'm screaming for Lockman to come on in from second.

Lockman came on, and that's when I turned to spot the ball again . . . and all of a sudden there was no ball.

And that's the last thing I really remember. I would have bet my life I would have kept my head in any kind of crisis, but I didn't. I blanked out. The last picture I have in my mind is the fans reaching in the left-field bleachers, frozen and unmoving, like a still photo. Lockman is halfway down the line, caught in full stride and—as improbable as it sounds—Pee Wee Reese is still in his normal position at shortstop, with his hands on his knees, looking back, his mouth open in surprise. All of it frozen, you understand, like one huge mural.

Now, I knew that couldn't be right. Logic told me that Pee Wee had to have gone out to take a possible relay. Still, that's what I saw then and that's the picture that is still stamped on my mind.

That same fall I went to a big luncheon for Pee Wee in Louisville and, to my utter astonishment, Pee Wee told me I was probably right. His own memory was that he hadn't been able to move. Pee Wee had gone into shock, too.

It had been all hits and pieces for me.

How to improve every round.



It's an unexpected pleasure.

By ANHEUSER-BUSCH INC. • ST. LOUIS • SINCE 1876



Always wear a helmet and eye protection, keep lights on and check local laws before you ride.



Young executive on the way up.

A new Honda is a smart move for a young man who wants to get ahead. When you take it to work in the morning you not only beat the traffic, but the high cost of gas and the parking problem as well.

On the weekends you can use your Honda XL-250 K2, shown here, to escape the city. Since the XL is one of Honda's rugged On/Off Road Bikes, you can ride it down the highway and then continue right into the rough. The famous, dependable Honda four-stroke engine and heavy-duty suspension handle both kinds of riding with ease.

What makes a Honda a better business decision than some other motorcycle?

The choice of models Honda gives you. No other manufacturer matches the Honda selection—a bike for every rider and every kind of riding.

The largest network of full-service motorcycle dealerships in the country. Honda

has nearly 1800 dealers to help get you started and keep you going.

The Honda name—no one else has Honda's reputation for quality and reliability in motorcycling.



See the Honda dealer near you soon. See his selection of great bikes. Then get down to business and start out on your way up.

HONDA
Good things happen on a Honda.

Oh,
the disadvantages
of our
longer cigarette.
Benson & Hedges
100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

11 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
ave. per cigarette, FTC Report, Oct. '76



Regular and Menthol

All I could remember when I tried to fit the picture together was a series of flash images, surrounded by empty spaces. I could see myself doing a couple of somersaults out of sheer exuberance. I could remember running over to my wife Laraine's box and kissing her. The next thing I could remember I was in the middle of a mob scene out in center field being attacked. Some 250-pounder had clamped a deadlock on me and forced me down to one knee, and I was fighting for breath. I was sure that a crazed Brooklyn fan was trying to kill me—not the ecstatic Giant fan it was—joined by other Brooklyn fans who were whacking me in the back and short ribs as they came galloping past. By the time two policemen tore him away from me he had cut my wind off, I couldn't breathe. And then I was being pushed and carried up the clubhouse stairs, gasping for breath every step of the way. Through the entire victory celebration, which must have lasted three hours, my throat was so raw I couldn't talk above a whisper, a hell of a spot for me to be in at a time like that.

More than anything else, however, it was the vivid memory I had of kissing Laraine that showed me what a mysterious thing the mind can be. Laraine told me, "You didn't. You never came near the box."

"I did," I said. "I know I did. What's the matter with you? Are you trying to tell me I'm crazy or something?"

Maybe three or four nights later, we caught the pictures of it on television. And I never went near the box. The camera caught Eddie Stanky leaping up my back like a monkey on a stick. (That accounted for the flip-flops. I would have sworn I'd done them on my own.) The camera moved to home plate to pick up the players mobbing Thomson, and when I came into sight again I was standing on the pitcher's mound, having my cap stolen, and trying to get to Thomson, as the whole mob, myself included, moved out toward the clubhouse in center field.

That was "The Miracle of Coogan's Bluff," and after it was over I was being acclaimed as all the great managers rolled into one. I'll show you what a genius I was. The team caught fire after I moved Whitley Lockman to first base, where he had never played before, and Bobby Thomson, who had lost his regular spot in center to Willie Mays, to third base. Brilliant moves, right? Let me ask you something. If I was such a genius, why

didn't I do it earlier? The truth is that I almost blew the pennant by waiting too long before I made those brilliant moves out of sheer inspiration.

Sal Maglie won 23 games for us. I had taken Sal out of the bullpen a year earlier and made him a starting pitcher, right? Well, not exactly. Sal had come back to the Giants organization after he had jumped to the Mexican League—he played two seasons for the Puebla team—and I was shoveling for pitchers in spring training when Frank Shellenback, my pitching coach, told me that Maglie might make a very fine relief pitcher for us. I'll play an elephant if he

From the forthcoming book, "Nice Guys Finish Last," by Leo Durocher with Ed Linn, to be published by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

can do the job, so why shouldn't I play a jumper?

But I was the genius who saw what a great starter he would make, wasn't I? Sure I was. The season was more than half over when I found myself stuck for a pitcher in St. Louis. So I threw Maglie in, and from that day on he was the best pitcher in the league.

It does your reputation no great harm to have Willie Mays on your side, either. I've said it a thousand times and I'll say it again: Players make the manager.

What can I say about Willie Mays after I say he's the greatest player any of us has ever seen? Well, I can say plenty. From the first moment I saw Willie, he was my boy. After all the fathers I'd had watching over me in my own career, I had finally got me a son. Before you can begin to appreciate Willie Mays I have to give you some idea of what he did for the Giants, not only on the field but in the clubhouse, on the bus, in the plane, in the hotel lobby.

Willie was not only the star of the team, he was everybody's pet. He'd take out his pocketbook in the bus and, in his high, piping voice, he'd say, "Man, I'm empty." Then he'd hand it to the guy behind him and say, "Boys, put a little somp'n in." Well, they'd spit in it and put cigarette butts in it and by the time it came back around to him there'd be three pennies and an indescribable mess. Willie would look at it happily, and with that big sunny smile of his he'd say, "Every little bit helps."

Just having him on the club, you had

30%, the best of it before the ball game started. In each generation there are one or two players like that, men who are winning players because of their own ability and their own—what?—no, luck isn't the word. The word is magnetism, a personal magnetism that draws everybody to them with the feeling that this is the man who will carry them to victory. Babe Ruth had it, and so did Dizzy Dean, Jackie Robinson and Pepper Martin. My definition of Willie Mays walking into a room is the chandeliers shaking. And what made him even more appealing was that he didn't know it.

I first heard about Mays when Eddie Montague, a Giant scout who had been sent to look over a first baseman in Birmingham, came back with a report that said, "I don't know about the first baseman, but they got a kid playing center field practically barefoot that's the best ballplayer I ever looked at. You better send somebody down there with a barrelful of money and grab this kid." The Giants bought him for something like \$13,000, and then Willie said, "I didn't get nothing," and Horace Stoneham, the owner of the Giants, gave him \$5,000.

He was sent to Trenton in the Interstate League, and the next spring a scout in that area told me I hadn't seen anything until I saw a kid named Willie Mays play center field.

Well, I'm pretty broad-minded. Two scouts out of two tell me we've got the greatest player who ever lived on our hands, I'm willing to take a look at him. And I couldn't get the Giants to bring him to camp. Not ready. After all, he had not yet turned 20. "O.K., he's not good enough. O.K., he's just a baby. O.K., I can't have him. At least give me a chance to see him play, will you? Let me see the kid play!"

So they arranged to play a morning game for me at our minor league camp in Sanford, Fla. between our two top farm clubs, Minneapolis and Ottawa. Mr. Stoneham, Carl Hubbell, head of the Giant farm system at the time, and I sat in the bleachers along with a scattering of fans who had drifted in to see what was happening. I could tell you everything Mays did that day. He made a couple of great catches in the outfield. He threw a guy out trying to go from first to third on a base hit into left-center. A shot. Threw another guy out at the plate late in the game. A shot. Hit a bullet into right-center for two his first time up.

continued

Struck out on a sidearm curve. Popped up. The last time he came up, Red Hardy, a good veteran pitcher, tried to get him with the sidearm curve again, and Mays hit it over the clubhouse in left field, about 370 feet away.

"Not ready, huh?" I said. "Not much he's not ready. I want him."

I couldn't have him. We got off to a horrible start that year—the year of Thomson's homer—and after every game I screamed a little louder. How many did they want me to lose before they gave me any help?

"Can't have him," Stoneham kept saying. "The boy's going into the service any minute."

"He's going into the service—and he's not ready!" I yelled. "And he's only hitting .477 at Minneapolis. Let him come up here and hit a few of those for me before he goes, huh?"

So, finally I got him. He joined us in Philadelphia for our 37th game, arriving in the clubhouse after we had dressed and gone out onto the field. And I saw something then that I had never seen before in my life. The Philadelphia ball club was warming up on the sidelines getting ready to take infield practice when Willie stepped into the batting cage for the first time, and every player stopped dead in his tracks and watched him. He hit balls on top of the roof, into the upper deck, the lower deck, all over the park, and everything he hit was a screamer.

The only trouble was that he didn't hit in the game. In his first two games he had to face Robin Roberts and Russ Meyer. He went 0 for 12 in Philadelphia, and after the last game I went back into my office, kicked off my shoes and contemplated the various ways of committing suicide.

While I was wondering whether it was really so painful to slit your wrists, my coaches, Freddie Fitzsimmons and Herman Franks, came in looking embarrassed. "You better do something about your boy," Herman said.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, Leo, he's in front of his locker, crying."

I went running out there and, sure enough, there was Mays sitting in front of his locker, sobbing away. I crouched down alongside him, put my arm around his shoulders and asked, "What's the matter, son?"

When Willie first came up, he'd get so excited that he'd begin to talk faster and

faster, and his voice would go up, up, up. He said, "Mis-a-Leo, I can't help you. I can't even get a hit. I know I can't play up here, and you're gonna send me back to Minneapolis. That's where I belong. I don't belong up here. I can't play up here. . . ." And his voice went right up the scale and out of sight.

I patted him on the back. "Look, son," I said. "I brought you up here to do one thing. That's to play center field. You're the best centerfielder I've ever looked at. As long as I'm here, Willie, you're going to play center field. Tomorrow, next week, next month. You're the best ballplayer I have ever seen. Forget it. Go home and get a good night's sleep. Tomorrow is another day."

The next game, in the Polo Grounds, he hit the first ball Warren Spahn threw to him up onto the left-field roof. Then came another few games where Willie couldn't buy a hit. But soon he was carrying us on his back.

With Willie, you just had to keep patting him, keep rubbing him. I went to all my other players and told them, "Look, there's something about Willie Mays. I don't know whether you see it, but I see it. He's a young boy, he's a baby. But he's got more talent in five minutes than the rest of us will have in a lifetime. It doesn't mean that I don't like you fellows equally well. But I think it does something for Mays if I keep saying, 'You're the greatest, no one can carry your glove.' I think it makes him a better player, and as long as it does, buddy, he puts money in your pocket and mine."

Everybody's different. Sal Maglie couldn't wait to shove your words down your throat and laugh at you while you were choking on them. Willie was eager to confirm your high opinion of him.

Although Willie didn't hit for average the first year, he won game after game for us. With his hitting, with his fielding, with his arm and with his base running. Especially at the end.

The last two days of the season we're playing at Boston. After being 13½ behind, we've tied it up, and I want to tell you, I was tight. A lot of times you'll see a club make a big move, tie the score, and then somehow relax and tail off. It was Maglie against Spahn, our best against their best.

The first time Willie's up, he walks. I had a set of signals with Willie: if he wanted to steal he would nod his head just enough so that the bill of his cap would

bob. If I wanted to give him the go-ahead I would show him the palm of my hand. I look over to first and I think I see the bill of his cap bob. Now, Spahn had the best move to first base anybody has ever seen. You didn't steal second base on Spahn, you just tried not to get picked off. But, sure enough, the bill on Willie's hat jumps again. He not only wants to run against Spahn, he wants to ~~can~~ run right now.

I tell you, it was as if he had cut the tension with a knife. I'm sweating, and this rookie, all he wants to do is run? You want to go, son, here's the palm. Go ahead. Boom! He stole second base clean as a whistle, dusted off his pants and the cap is going up and down again.

He stole third just as easily, and scored on Don Mueller's single. We got two more runs before the day was over but the game was won right there. He took the pressure right off the whole club. Especially their dandy little manager.

The next year was a complete reversal. When the Army finally grabbed him, after 34 games, we were in first place by 2½ games. Three days later we were out of first for good. The following year, without Willie, we dropped to fifth place, 35 full games behind Brooklyn.

Then Willie came out of the Army and we won another pennant.

If I live to be 100 I'll never forget the return of Willie Mays. We were out on the field playing an intrasquad game early in spring training, and the first I knew he was there was when one of the writers yelled, "Hey, Leo, here comes your pennant."

I rushed over and gave him a hug. "As long as you're going to win the pennant for me," I said to him, "you might as well get out there in center field where you belong."

The first batter hit a tremendous drive. No chance whatsoever to get it Willie got it. I first time up he hits a single. Before it's over he wallops a home run. All I did was sit there and smile. "It's only 240 days to World Series time," I said. "Let's start printing the tickets now."

Willie led the league by hitting .345. He hit 41 home runs. He knocked in 110 runs. He won the Most Valuable Player Award. He fielded like only Willie Mays could field.

Take that great catch off Vic Wertz in the first game of World Series. When the ball was hit, I hollered, "Stay in the park,

continued

\$250,000 says Top-Flite. is The Longest Ball.

Only The Longest Ball would make this challenge: \$250,000 to the first of these: Titleist, Royal +6, Blue Max, Wilson LD, Titleist DT or Maxfli that can beat Top-Flite in a truly meaningful distance test. No machines. No gimmicks. Just men & women

golfers with a wide range of handicaps, hitting woods and irons until Opinion Research Corp., an independent testing firm, determines the conclusive winner.

Top-Flite already won a test like this using hundreds of golfers and beat the other leading balls by 8 to 13 yards!

Now Top-Flite challenges them again, one-on-one, in the same kind of test.

TOP-FLITE:

beat Titleist by 13.3 yards
beat Royal +6 by 10.1 yards
beat Blue Max by 9.3 yards
beat Wilson LD by 8.7 yards
beat Titleist DT by 8.4 yards

The challenge measurement is a "net to green" combined total distance of two shots—the first of the driver, the second of the iron-club. Test conducted by Opinion Research Corp., Princeton, N.J.

All balls tested will be purchased from one shop or association as of April 1, 1979 in various regions throughout the U.S., and must meet U.S.C.A. specifications. Challenge expires August 31st, 1979. For complete details write to Spalding, Dept. DFC, Chicopee, Mass. 02014.

SPALDING

Official Ball of the PGA TOUR

United States Steel reports on a productive way to increase our



Dr. Bruce Zobel shows how —
in just 16 years —
genetically improved tree (left)
equals size of 50-year-old
natural loblolly pine (above).

forest resources.

Productivity: It's an improved tree that grows 20% faster.

Right now in 13 Southern states, there are nearly 1 million acres of trees growing 20% faster than the forests around them.

That means they'll be ready for harvesting in 20 years instead of 25.

These fast-growing forests are the achievement of groups like the Industrial Forest Tree Improvement Cooperative at North Carolina State University, founded in 1956 by Dr. Bruce Zobel, and now including 30 tree-growing companies in the South.

This cooperative has been the model for other groups throughout the country, and we at United States Steel want you to know about it. Its work is an excellent example of the kind of productivity we feel is essential to this nation's economic well being.

Trees developed by the cooperative not only grow faster, they're straighter, with more usable wood, and are more resistant to disease.

Developing new trees, as Dr. Zobel describes it, "starts with finding trees growing naturally that have all the desired characteristics. We obtain branches from near the very tops of these trees—maybe 100 feet up—by the simple but effective method of shooting them down with a special rifle bullet.

"Next we graft these branches to stems of ordinary seedlings in a 'seed orchard,' and in about three years they start to produce seeds. We let them cross-pollinate each other and, since they all come from trees

that have the characteristics we want, we know that most of their seeds will, too.

"We've been planting more and more of these superior seeds for seven years now, 200 million of them in 1974 alone. Meanwhile my colleagues and I are developing even better trees through continued research.

"We expect that by the time the forests we're planting now are harvested, we'll be planting seeds that will grow 50 per cent faster than trees in the natural forest."



Industrial Forest Tree Improvement Cooperative, N.C. State University, Raleigh, N.C.

U.S. Steel salutes productivity like this. We are very much involved where growing things are concerned, too. At our USS Agri-Chemicals Division fertilizer plants, we are making every effort to improve our productivity, and at the same time to help farmers get the most out of available supplies through soils analysis, precision application and the proper use of crop protection chemicals. All this adds up to improved productivity. More than ever, America needs it.

United States Steel, 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.



he'll catch it." He caught it over his head, like a bullet dancer. The hardest catch in the world, even for an infielder. When the ball game was over, Frank Gibbons of the Cleveland *Press* said to me, "Leo, that was some great catch."

"Routine," I said.

The sportswriters gathered around me couldn't believe they'd heard me right.

"Yeah, routine. I've seen him make so many catches better than that I knew he had it all the way."

Aw, come on, they said. It's got to be the best catch you ever saw. It was the ball game.

I hadn't said it wasn't a great catch. I hadn't said it wasn't the ball game. All I'd said was that it was a routine catch for Willie Mays. "Look," I said, when they kept hammering at me, "what are you asking me for? I didn't catch it. There's Mays right over there. Why don't you ask him?"

Now, Willie wasn't highly educated, but I wish I could have thought to say what he said. "Willie," they asked, "how do you compare this catch with other catches you've made?"

"I don't compare 'em," Willie said. "I catch 'em."

In 1955, halfway through my last game as manager of the Giants, I mentioned for Willie to come into the huddle to let us have a look at the far end of the dugout. Two men could barely squeeze in, so we were standing nose to nose. "Now, son," I said, "I want to tell you something. You're just great. You're the best ballplayer I've ever looked at."

I said, "Willie, you know I love you, so I'm prejudiced. Now, there are other great bullplayers, there have been some fine bullplayers in our time. But to me you're the best. Having you on my team has made everything worthwhile."

I went on to tell him to take care of himself and to listen to his new manager. "You know I'll always be looking out for you," I said. "If there's anything you ever want or ever need, all you have to do is call on me."

Willie put both hands on my shoulders and, with tears in his eyes, he said, "Yeah, but you won't be here to help me."

"You don't need any help, Willie. You've forgotten more than all those other fellows will ever learn, because with you, Willie, it's God-given."

And Willie leaned over and gave me a big kiss on the cheek. I tell you, I had to

go out of there before I started to bowl myself.

Back in 1954 we not only won the pennant, we swept the World Series in four games. Once again, as in '51, I was a genius, and just in the nick of time, too, because for two years I'd been just another bum. Just in case there are any skeptics in the house I can prove what a genius I was by the saga of Dusty Rhodes, the night rider from Mathews, Alabama.

At the end of the 1953 season the Giants went to Japan on a goodwill tour. Over there I got fed up with Rhodes and I asked Mr. Storchum to trade him

"Horace," I said, "we've got a good ball club here. We might win the whole thing this year. But I can't win it with this man on the club. He's a rotten apple. Horace, I want him out of here."

No deal, Rhodes wasn't traded— and thank the Lord for that.

In 1951, as I said at the time, the Giants caught lightning in a Coca-Cola bottle. In 1954, Dusty Rhodes trapped thunder in a bottle of bourbon. Every time we needed a pinch hit to win a ball game, Rhodes delivered it for us. Confident. You may think a manager has to lighten his men off when he's looking for a pinch hitter. Don't kid yourself. You look down the bench and more often than not all eyes are averted. Not Dusty Rhodes'. Dusty always would be up on his feet, at the far end of the dugout, hefting a hat. "Ah'm your man," he'd call down. "What are you waiting on, Skip? Ah'm your man!"

He thought he was the greatest hitter in the whole world and for that one year I never saw a better one. The best pinch hitter, no contest, I ever looked at was only 164 times at bat, he hit 15 home runs and had 50 RBIs. And batted .341. But he wasn't the best hitter who ever played. Any time you see a fielder get under a ball and pound his glove—even in the Little League—you know he's going to catch it. I have seen Rhodes pound his glove and have the ball fall 20 feet behind him. I have seen bulls drop into his glove and fall right out again. Didn't bother Dusty one bit. He'd come running in at the end of the inning with a big grin on his face. "Better get me out of here," he'd say. "I'm going to get killed." You know I can't catch the ball."

Training rules? They were forgotten where Rhodes was concerned. If I asked him what time he got in, and he had got in at four o'clock, he'd tell me four

o'clock. And he was always the first one dressed and ready to play.

Rhodes was the kind of man who kept a club confident and happy. Between Willie Mays and Dusty Rhodes there was nothing but laughter in our clubhouse all through the season. Pressure? They spat at it.

One day, Brooklyn had me beaten by a run, the bases were loaded and there were two out. It was the 13th inning and Billy Loes was the Dodger pitcher. I looked down the dugout and there was Rhodes, pumping a bat. As always, his hat was cocked at a rakish angle. "Ah'm your man," he said. He was. Won it with a hit up the middle.

Naturally, I felt that Dusty deserved some kind of token reward. The Giants kept a plentiful supply of liquor in my office for the newspapermen. Also on hand was the world's biggest Dixie cup, which had been kicking around the office for weeks. I filled it almost to the top with straight bourbon, the only drink Dusty had any use for, dropped in a piece of ice and added just enough Coke to color it

Dusty turned away in disgust. "Soft drink," he said, appalled. "It'll poison ye . . . poison ye . . . Ruin a man's stomach."

I signaled my coaches to keep after him, though, and just as he was turning into the shower room, he apparently took a sip, because suddenly he came leaping back into the clubhouse, holding the Dave cup aloft and screaming, "The greatest Coke ever m-a-d-a-a-a-d-e!"

After he had spread-eagled the regular season, he took the World Series, but it over the head and carried it home, hanging in his trophy room. In the opening game against Cleveland I sent him up. Monte Irvin in the 10th inning with the score tied 2-2 and runners on first and second. Bob Lemon's first pitch was a slow curve. Dusty didn't exactly strike a mighty blow. He hit a lazy fly ball down the right-field line, which at the Polo Grounds was 258 feet, the shortest fence in baseball. The ball kept drifting back to the Cleveland rightfielder leaped and the ball barely dropped into the stands. Dusty Rhodes had a home run and three RBIs to show for his five seconds at the plate, and we had our first victory.

A Chinese home run? What are you talking about? A Chinese home run is a non fly hit by the order team.

After the game I got so sick of hearing the Cleveland writers moan about

Now, from Walker's DeLuxe THIS REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMOUS EIGHTS

\$3.00



Eight magnificent color photographs of unusual cars, never before available. Each reproduced on heavy stock, 11" x 14", ideal for framing. Cars include 1930 Duesenberg Torpedo Phaeton, 1926 Lincoln Town Car, 1929 Stutz Speedster, 1935 Auburn Supercharged Speedster, 1931 Chrysler Sports Roadster, 1930 Cadillac Roadster, 1930 DuPont Dual-Cowl Phaeton, 1930 Ruxton Phaeton.

The entire portfolio of eight prints, \$3.00 postpaid. Use convenient order form below. Offer ends December 31, 1975. Offer void where prohibited by law.

**Among cars, there are many famous eights.
Among bourbons, there is one.**

8-YEAR-OLD WALKER'S DELUXE



Famous Eight Portfolio M5
P.O. Box 405
Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin 53051
Enclosed is \$_____ Send _____ sets of the
Famous Eight Portfolio to: _____

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

© Lorillard 1975



Cam

18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Don

**Come
for the
filter.**



**You'll
stay for the
taste.**



**A lot of good taste that comes easy
through the Micronite filter.**

Cordoba

The New Small Chrysler

An automobile of extraordinary character and dignity

This is Cordoba. The new small Chrysler. With the warm colors of wood in a finely detailed instrument panel . . . and the rich colors of earth in the deep shag carpeting. The soft warmth of glowing lamps in five separate locations. And the thick cushions of contour seats . . . available in rare hues of crushed velour, or fine Corinthian leathers. You're invited to see Cordoba at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. Luxurious, yet surprisingly affordable. Cordoba. The new small Chrysler.



DUROCHER

what a tough game it had been for Lem-on to lose on a cheapie like that that I finally bellowed, "What are you taking it out on Dusty for? They didn't move the fence in when he came up to hit. Why didn't one of your guys hit it over?"

Dusty on the ear as always, came wandering by, winked at me and said, "I measured it off just right, Skip."

The next day Early Wynn was beating us 1-0 in the last of the fifth. Two men were on and nobody was out when once again I sent Rhodes in to bat for Monte Irvin. This time the ball dropped into center field for a hit and the score was tied. Before the inning was over, we were leading 2-1.

Lucky Rhodes, huh? Sure. Lucky Rhodes went out to left field in place of Irvin, and in the seventh inning he hit one of Wynn's knucklers up to the roof of the football press box, 350 feet away. The Giants won 3-1, and Dusty had knocked in two of the runs and put the other into scoring position.

That wasn't the end of his day's work.

When I looked toward a crowd of fans watching in, Dusty was waiting with a cigar in his mouth and a beer in his hand. "I guess that was a cheap one, too?" he said.

In the third game I used him even earlier. In the third inning we were ahead of Mike Garcia 1-0, but the bases were loaded and I couldn't see any compelling reason to sit back and wait when I had a chance to break the game open right then. Dusty swung at the first pitch and hit a line drive into right field for two more runs.

Dusty was now four for four and had driven in seven runs—including seven of the last nine we had scored. While he was at it, he had broken or tied four World Series records for pinch hitting.

And that wasn't the only thrill he gave us. Remember, I had to put Dusty out in left field after he pinch-hit for Irvin in the second game. I had a standing rule with Mays: "Any time a ball goes up in the air, don't let him get tangled up with it. Go around him, if you have to, but catch it." The game ended with

the 1-0 tie over the Pirates and the Werts at bat. And all Werts had been doing was pondering everything we threw up to him. He started by hitting two long fouls over the right-field fence, and then he hit one a ton into left-center. But it's in the park and all is right with the world because Mays is racing over. And then I see Rhodes coming into the scene, pounding his glove and driving Mays away. Oh, no! I dropped down on my knees and covered my head. I couldn't look, I couldn't bring myself to open my eyes until my coaches were grabbing me and screaming that Rhodes had caught it.

When I got to the clubhouse door, Dusty was waiting for me with a big smile on his face. "What were you worried about, Skip? I had it all the way."

NEXT WEEK

In the final installment Durocher gives the rough side of his tongue to what he views as a thoroughly repressive modern umpire and grossly pampered ballplayers.

Here's what you'll be missing: gums, lacquers and shellac.

RK Professional Hairstyling Spray.

You want your hair to look natural and look good all day. RK Professional Hairstyling Spray gets the job done. It contains protein derivatives and is formulated to fight fly-away. Holds hair firmly without stiffness.

You'll do without flakiness, too. RK even has a sun screen to help protect against damaging ultraviolet rays.

Like all our scientifically formulated products, RK Hairstyling Spray is acid-balanced to be compatible with your hair. It's unscented so it won't conflict with any cologne or after shave you may be wearing.

RK Professional Hairstyling Spray and 12 other RK grooming and conditioning aids are available at your barber stylist for professional between-visits care.



Only at your barber stylist.



©Rohrer Laboratories, Inc. 1987

A FREE LOOK AT THE CHAMP



IN MAY ALI WILL BE JABbing LIVE IN LIVING ROOMS

The biggest news about Muhammad Ali's May 16 fight in Las Vegas against Ron Lyle, who lost his most recent match to the renowned Jimmy Young, is not the bout itself. The only thing that will make this fight significantly different from his match with Chuck Wepner a month ago is that it will be Ali's first on live, home television since he defeated Karl Mildenberger in 1966. In fact, this ABC Sports presentation will be only the fourth heavyweight title fight on live home TV in the last 10 years.

The return of heavyweight championship boxing to living-room screens has produced a publicity boom of the type that network executives usually only dream about. All that attention and the fact that the event involves Ali on Friday-night prime time has caused big ideas and numbers to calcify through the TV and boxing businesses. Before ABC announced the Ali-Lyle telecast two weeks ago, CBS and NBC also had been bidding for Ali in prime time. Even if he were not appearing opposite returns, as he will be on ABC, the champ has the potential to deliver impressive ratings.

ABC will spend almost \$1 million for the Ali-Lyle fight and an undercard featuring one or two other bouts of "championship dimensions." The network hopes to be on the air with 2½ hours of boxing that night and to sell \$100,000-per-minute commercials when Ali is in action, as well as spots

none.

"There isn't any doubt that we are taking a rather large gamble with this show, but I think that Ali is probably the best-known person in the world right now," says ABC Sports Vice-President Jim Spencer. "We intend to promote the fight as hard as we can with spots on our sports programming and during prime-time shows. This could be the last chance for viewers to see Ali live on home television, and we believe that because of our experience we will make a first-class production out of it. We may have as many as 60 people on the scene. We'll probably do a weigh-in segment and perhaps a dressing-room show after the fight."

ABC is aiming for an audience of 50 million for Ali-Lyle, and that projection could be conservative. The network used promo spots in advance of its January taped showing of the Ali-George Foreman fight with great success. Although it was aired more than two months after the event in Zaire because of promoter restrictions, an estimated 30 million watched to give *Wild World* its highest rating in 14 years of broadcasting.

The Ali-Lyle fight also should help ABC's overall prime-time rating because it occurs in a "sweeps" period, a time when ratings are taken in 220 markets to determine viewer interest in the networks' programming packages. And there may be a special advantage for both Ali and Promoter Don King

in turning to home TV now. At the moment, theater television—a big loser on the Ali-Wepner fight—looks like a semi-dry well. Home TV might help sell theater seats for a possible Ali-Foreman rematch from Cairo in the fall.

It just happens that Foreman will be on ABC next Saturday from Toronto against five count 'em, five "opponents." His schedule of five three-round exhibitions that afternoon brings up the question of whether ABC has a laugh track adequate for the event. Visually the options are antiseptic: a closeup of a corner where there is a bench, not a stool, split-screen shots showing one ambulance speeding on its way to the hospital while four others race toward the arena; Foreman standing in the middle of the ring like a quiz-show host with his opponents scattered through the arena in mono-gammed hushrobes, and shouting, "Mac Foster, come on down! Terry Daniels come on down..."

Viewers may have to make a tough decision if they want to see Foreman and the five stooges, for CBS will be televising a bulbous Jimmy Connors-John Newcombe \$250,000 tennis match from Las Vegas that afternoon. Although the tennis starts one hour earlier, it is almost certain that the two programs will conflict for a while, one of the rare times when two events devised especially for television will be in direct competition for important ratings.

Foreman's live opponents include Alonzo Johnson, who has not fought professionally in a decade, Foster, Daniels, Pedro Agosto and Boone Karkman. The last four have combined to lose 12 of their last 12 fights. Such an event may outrage boxing purists, but it is so bizarre that it may be a "music" piece of electronic trivia. "If one of them beats me, I'll retire from boxing," says Foreman. King, who also is promoting the Toronto exhibition, says, "If the second guy knocks him out, we'll revive Foreman. He can't retire from boxing until he beats the other three."

Should Lyle upset Ali, or one of the stooges cause Foreman even more embarrassment, then TV and boxing conservatively could rekindle a love affair beneficial to both the networks and the sport.

END

Start something



with Wolfschmidt.

A vodka and tonic, a screwdriver, a bloody mary,
a martini. Or anything else you have in mind.

Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka

VODKA • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 40 AND 50 PROOF • DIAGRAM DISTRIBUTORS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.



BELLAMONT'S BENCHMARK CERTIFIED STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 40 PROOF. JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Seagram's Benchmark. Measure your Bourbon against it.

I the relationship between Henry Aaron and the baseball fans of Milwaukee is "one of the great love affairs of all time," as someone has said, then his return to County Stadium last week as a Milwaukee Brewer was one of the grand reunions.

A club record turnout of 48,160 showed its hankering for Hank by waving pennants and serenading him with a ditty to the tune of *Hello, Dolly*.

Welcome home, Henry.

Welcome home, Henry.

It's so nice to have you back.

Where you belong.

The game itself, a 6-2 defeat of Cleveland, showed Aaron to be looking swell and going strong. He did not blast a home run, but he did get his first American League hit, run and RBI.

Anticipation for the day had been building since early November, when Aaron received a three a.m. phone call in Japan announcing the termination of his 21-year career with the Braves of Milwaukee and Atlanta. "I'm going home," he told the caller, Brewer President Bud Selig. "Isn't that great?"

For Aaron, home is where the heart is. He was born in Alabama 41 years ago and spent the last nine years in Atlanta. But Milwaukee is where he got his major league start, enjoyed 12 of his best seasons and hit more than half of his record 733 home runs. When the Braves did not offer him the player-development job he wanted for this season, he followed Babe Ruth's precedent of 40 years ago and went "home." The American League's designated-hitter rule will keep Aaron busy the next two years. After that he can work with young prospects "to perpetuity," as Selig puts it. "There's nothing I'm more proud of than bringing Henry Aaron back to Milwaukee," Selig says. "And that includes giving this town a new franchise five years ago."

Last Thursday, the day before the Brewers' home opener, Aaron returned the compliment at a civic luncheon. "I always thought you people were responsible for my career," he said. "When I made mistakes on the field, you stuck with me. Young players are blessed to be in a city like this."

It was clear and cold on Aaron's homecoming day, and when he arrived at the stadium an autograph seeker stopped



The home-run king returns to Milwaukee, the site of many of his finest hours, and resumes his old love affair with the fans in that city

Back where he belongs

him to say, "I haven't been back here since you left."

Once inside the clubhouse Aaron went to his cubicle, where he smoked a cigarette, drank a cup of coffee, sang a snatch of song: "He's got the whole world in His hands."

Among the other ballplayers getting dressed was the Brewers' shortstop, Robin Yount. At 19 he is the youngest player in the majors. Aaron, the oldest, batted .314 the year Yount was born.

"At first I didn't know how to address him," said Yount. "I was kind of scared, but finally I went up to him and said something like, 'Hello, Mr. Aaron.'"

Surveying his new-old surroundings before the game, Aaron said, "There isn't a player on this team who was around the year we won the World Series. But this is a good young team. I just want to help them win. I'll be able to play more this year, maybe 150 games. I could hit 30-35 home runs if I do. With that bat I'm as young as anybody."

Aaron is not as young as he was, however. In 17 spring training games he batted .226 and, during the season's first two

games in Boston, he was the only regular to go hitless. "It takes me longer to get prepared," he said. "I know what I can do. In Boston all I saw was slow stuff. I like the high strike zone the American League has, but I don't think the pitchers throw as hard."

On the field the press pressed in. Yes, said Aaron yet again, he was glad to be back. Yes, Milwaukee is a great town. After the crowd had sung its welcome he walked out of the dugout to a standing ovation that lasted almost two minutes. "It was a great feeling, a great feeling," he said later. "Something I'll always remember." From home plate he told the crowd, "I've always felt a special place in my heart for Milwaukee. I hope we can write a new chapter in the hearts of so many wonderful fans."

Nice, but not the kind of drama his bat has provided so often in the past. That opportunity came with his turn at bat in the first inning. Indian Pitcher Jim Perry kept his sliders low, however, and Aaron could do no better than walk.

Two innings later he came up again, with nobody out and men on first and

continued

third. He asked Manager Del Crandall if he should try a sacrifice bunt, but Crandall told him to swing away. He did, hitting a ground ball to short which forced the runner at second but allowed the man on third to score. Moments later Aaron was retired himself, when Crandall ordered a steal that was as unsuccessful as it was unexpected.

Before batting in the sixth inning, Aaron went into the clubhouse to warm up, returning in time to see John Briggs lead off with a home run. Then he stirred the crowd with a long foul before ripping a line-drive hit off Third Baseman Buddy Bell's glove. The crowd roared—as if, Aaron noted later, "I'd hit a grand slam."

He grounded out in the seventh, finishing one for three. "I felt good," he concluded, "the best I've felt yet. I just hope all the excitement is over now so I can play baseball."

For Henry Aaron, the player who made Milwaukee famous, that will take a while.

THE WEEK

(Oct. 11-17)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST Everything went so right in Oakland that it seemed something was wrong. Owner Charlie Finley called a meeting at which he promised the A's diamond rings with a four-leaf clover design if they won a fourth straight World Series. "Fantastic," said Reggie Jackson. "If we had that harmony all the time, I'd play for only a hundred grand." Even Finley laughed at that one. Vida Blue did not voice his usual complaint when Manager Alvin Dark yanked him twice, being satisfied with two wins and exulting, "I'm shooting for 30." With Catfish Hunter gone, Dark needed another starter. So he tried Mike Norris, 20, who was 7-8 in AA ball last year. Like Dark, Norris toes a Bible, and after beating Chicago 9-0 with a three-hitter the A's skipper referred to him as his "Jeremiah." Dark quoted Jeremiah 33:3. "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and

show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." Added Dark, "Norris just might be the prophet sent down to save us." Applying saving touches of his own was centerfielder Bill North, who preserved two wins by throwing out a runner at the plate and making a spectacular catch. Despite playing amid unaccustomed congeniality, the A's jumped into first place.

There was no joy in Texas, though Ferguson Jenkins was pinbatted twice as the Rangers lost four of five and Manager Billy Martin uncharacteristically spoke of the need for "patience." But Martin himself lacked patience, feuding with Umpire Ron Luciano. During two games worked by Luciano, Martin wore a microphone, presumably to record his run-ins with the ump. "I'm out to get him fired," Martin said.

Chicago was shut out twice in a row, did not hit a homer in five games and its only win came when Pat Kelly's pinch-hitter drove in two runs to beat the A's 3-2.

Tony Oliva slugged three homers as Minnesota won twice. Lacking the long ball in their other outings, the Twins lost all three.

Athos Otis had five stolen bases. Hal McRae had two game-deciding hits and Reber-

Today's L&M... Proud tradition. Proud heritage. Proud taste.

The proud smoke.

Filter King 16 mg "tar" 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC Method

ers Lindy McDaniel and Doug Bird notched wins as Kansas City took three of four.

Angel Manager Dick Williams had to fork over \$200 and Nolan Ryan had his "worst stuff since opening day last year." Yet neither complained. Williams has offered his personal check for \$200 to any of his pitchers who can make batters ground out 18 times in a game, a feat achieved by Andy Hasslerina (10-inning, 4-3 win over the White Sox). As for Ryan, his "worst stuff" stymied Chicago 5-0 as he yielded six singles. Four days earlier Ryan allowed three hits and fanned 12 in a 3-2 defeat of K.C.

OAK 4-1 CAL 3-1 KC 3-1
MINN 2-3 CHI 1-4 TEX 1-4

AL EAST

"I never saw a bench more alive," said Bob Hesse, a reserve infielder for Boston. "Every time somebody scratched himself he got a pat on the back." Hesse was alluding to the Sox' gang-bro response to a pep talk by Captain Carl Yastrzemski, who implored the Red Sox to whoop it up in the dugout. Yaz had scolded them for "the worst attitude I ever saw in spring training. If it keeps up,

we'll finish last." It did not keep up, and the Sox advanced to first place, splitting a pair with the Brewers and taking two games from the Orioles. Giving the Bostonians something to holler about in their first game in Baltimore were Tony Conigliaro, who hit his first homer since 1971, and Yuz, whose 12th-inning blast made the Sox 6-5 winners. Doug Griffin poked a game-winning single in the 13th for a 1-2 win. The Orioles' only cheer came in their season opener, which they took 10-0 at Detroit on Jim Palmer's three-hitter and a three-run homer by Lee May in his first time up in a Baltimore uniform.

In his first at bat as the majors' first black manager, Cleveland's Frank Robinson dramatically homered. It was a drive that instantly won over the Indian fans, 56,000 of whom showed up for the opener against the Yankees. Also enthusiastic about the blow was Robinson's No. 1 problem player, Gaylord Perry, who led a surge of Indians to escort Frank back to the dugout. Then, after finishing off the Yankees 5-3, Perry presented the game ball to Robinson, who said, "Getting it from Gaylord makes it special for me." Robin Yount, who had just three homers all last season, hit two as the Brew-

ers gained a share of the Eastern lead.

Two strong relief efforts by John Hiller plus a three-run homer one day and a grand slam the next by Nate Colbert helped Detroit drub New York twice (page 24)

BOX 3-1 MIL 3-1 DET 3-1
BAL 1-2 CLEV 1-2 NY 6-3

NL WEST

The Dodgers were seeing red after three losses in Cincinnati, having squandered leads in each game. When pinch hitter George Foster was ruled safe at first base on an infield hit that scored the winning run in a 14-inning, 2-1 opening day struggle, the Dodgers complained he should have been called out. Then, after Dave Concepcion's pinch single gave the Reds a 4-3 triumph in the ninth inning of the second game, the Dodgers argued that time should have been called because a ball had rolled out of the Cincy bullpen and onto the field. In the finale the Dodgers could only blame themselves, for they blew a 5-0 advantage and lost 7-6. The Cincinnati bullpen was exceptional, allowing one run and eight hits in 13 innings.

Still on the road, Los Angeles stopped

continued

WHITNEY & WYATT INCORPORATED, 1970

RICH MELLOW DISTINCTIVELY SMOOTH

L&M

FILTER KINGS

1 CIGARETTE

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

If you fall in love with tennis, do it with both feet on the ground.

Bancroft-Tretorns are feather light, quick as a cat, and as stylish as any tennis shoe ever made. They were designed in Sweden. By people who have spent years scientifically learning just how to pad top lines and inner soles, how to cushion the lace through tongue, and how to build a tread in a way so new and different it's patented. Choose your Bancroft-Tretorns with glove leather uppers in white, or Nylite uppers in white or navy. For men and women. At better tennis shops and shoe stores.

Bancroft Sporting Goods Co., Bancroft Court, Woonsocket, RI 02895

Bancroft TRETORN

The \$200 Challenge.

There it is: the most incredibly authentic reproduction of the classic Rolls Royce Phantom II Sedan Coupe ever seen. 261" long. In exact 1/8 scale. The challenge? You build it yourself. With Pocher d'Italia's car model kit. With nuts, bolts and screws. With 2,399 separate parts of brass, stainless steel, copper, rubber, high impact plastic. No painting; no special tools needed. Doors, hood and trunk open. Steering, crankshaft, connecting rods, gears, fan, generator operate. Headlights turn on. For complete details on this and 3 other classic

car kits from \$100, send for our free full-color brochure

Deluxe Classics, Dept. S88
5900 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 2760
Los Angeles, California 90046

Please send me your free full-color brochure

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State Zip _____

BASEBALL

Houston 7-0 behind Don Sutton. The Dodgers then lost 7-5 to the Astros, and Shortstop Bill Russell broke his right hand.

Cincinnati, meanwhile, was jolted by San Diego 5-2 and 3-2. Don Spillner held the Reds in check in the first game and took Joe McIntosh became the apple of Padre fans' eyes as he held off Cincy in the second. The division-leading Padres lost only once, 2-0 to the Giants' Jim Barr in 10 innings. Bobby Murcer led off the 10th with a double and scored on a double by Gary Matthews.

Atlanta got strong pitching from Carl Morton (a 2-0 two-hitter against the Astros and a 7-4 win over the Giants) and Buzz Capra (a 4-2 three-hit defeat of the Giants).

"Speed and aggressiveness force other teams into mistakes," said Houston Manager Preston Gomez as he contemplated his team's new offense. Speed came in the form of 10 steals, six by Cesar Cedeño, and First Baseman Cliff Johnson provided muscle, driving in seven runs.

SD 3-5 HOU 3-5 ATL 3-3
CIN 3-2 SF 5-2 LA 1-4

NL EAST "No one thinks much about fielding on this club," said Phrase Third Baseman Richie Hebner. And why should they? The offense-minded Bucs whiffed four homers in their opener, an 8-4 trouncing of the Cubs. The next day, trailing the Mets 3-0 in the last of the ninth, the Braves did more of what they do best. They finally got to Met starter Jerry Koosman, roughed up two of his relievers and scored four quick runs.

Referring to that 4-3 loss to the Pirates, Met Manager Yogi Berra moaned, "When you ain't got a bullpen, you ain't got nothing." Well, not quite. At least the Mets had Dave Kingman, Joe Torre and Tom Seaver. New York took its opener 2-1 from Philadelphia as Kingman homered, Torre drove in the winning run and Seaver pitched.

Len Brock of the Cardinals was presented with a gift by Missouri Governor Kit Bond, license plates bearing No. 118 in honor of the record number of steals he had lost scaven. "You might call this a license to steal," said Bond gamely. Although Brock stole just one base, the Cards won four of five.

Philadelphia beat New York 3-2 on an 11th-inning pinch double by Tony Taylor for its solitary win. Montreal also won just once, taking its opener in St. Louis 8-4. But the young Expos, who hit .205 and made 10 errors, dropped their next four games. In a 2-1 loss to the Cubs the Expos gave up one run on a base-full walk to Chicago Pitcher Ray Burris and the other on a two-hits sacrifice fly on which Rightfielder Gary Carter made a fine catch and then fell down.

PIT 2-0 ST. L. 4-1 CHS 3-1
NY 5-2 PHIL 1-3 MONT 1-4

*One nibble
is never enough.*



Smokehouse® Almonds... one of five tantalizing flavors from Blue Diamond, The Almond People. If you can't find these almonds in your area, please write: California Almond Growers Exchange, P. O. Box 1768, Sacramento, California 95808.

**Small was
never
this wide.**



No other small car is as wide as our Pacer.
So naturally, you get an unusual amount of room.

And since it's wider—and has a unique isolated suspension system—the Pacer gives you an incredibly smooth and stable ride.

The Pacer has doors that are exceptionally wide.
With a passenger door that's even wider than the driver's.
So you can get in and out of the back that much easier.

(The Pacer also comes with AMC's proven 6-cylinder engine and a 22-gallon gas tank. Which means you get outstanding performance, excellent economy and long-distance driving range.)

Last but by no means least, the AMC Pacer, the first wide small car, is covered by the wide coverage: AMC's exclusive BUYER PROTECTION PLAN™

AMC PACER
The first wide small car.





The K. C. Strip—Note the stylish strip from shoulder to cuff, from hip to flare in our latest Leisure Suit that's 100% cotton. The jacket (about \$23) and jeans (about \$16) come in Navy, Tan, Khaki, Salmon, Lodge, Faded Blue. The complementing Lee shirt (about \$16) features a floral pattern in Dusty Blue, Dusty Brown, Dusty Green. The Lee Company, 640 5th Ave., N.Y. 10019 (212) 765-4215.

Lee™ A company of VF Corporation

Attles battles no longer

As a player, the Golden State coach was called The Destroyer. Now he maintains a fists-off policy as his Warriors fight it out in the playoffs

Not long ago, before I at Salary and No Cut Contract were married, produced their first child and named it Friendly Rivalry, pro basketball could be a nasty place for walking. For bench strength, many teams kept a guy with a belligerent lip and a midget temper. Al Attles was such a player, an enforcer. He had the shooting touch of a jackhammer, but no team ever traded Attles for cash and a fist to be named later, probably because if intimidation was what you wanted, it was clearly better to fight with Attles than against him. In 11 seasons with the Warriors in Philadelphia and San Francisco, he earned his nickname, "The Destroyer." Attles was instant terror, the bad, bad Leroy Brown of his time.

Attles is a little older now, still intrepid, but no longer. He confines his combativeness to the sidelines as coach of the Golden State Warriors. He is still winning and has just completed about as good a regular season as a coach can have. His Warriors not only won their division but had the best record in the Western Conference, which gave them a week off before starting their conference semifinal series with Seattle. No one thought that much of the Warriors before the season started, and their preeminence is almost as much a tribute to Attles' coaching as to the fact that Rick Barry can simultaneously sink free throws and comb his hair.

Attles arrived in the NBA as a fifth-round draft pick from North Carolina A&T. He was all of six feet tall and he lasted as a player on guile, a penchant for self-sacrifice and a reputation for effective aggressiveness. He always shadowed the opposition's best guard, from Bob Cousy to Oscar Robertson, playing them all over the floor, scrapping and holding, trying to pilder an inch here and an inch there to even the odds. He did the Bump before it was a dance. Lenny Wilkens, now the coach of the Portland Trail Blazers, was one of those he played. "Al wasn't dirty," Wilkens says, "but he was on you like a glove all the time. We came into the league the same year, and when he guarded me I knew I had to have my full concentration."

The fights Attles got into became legend. To start with, he looked ominous.

His hair was shaved close and he later added a mustache, enhancing his threatening appearance. Everyone agrees that Attles did not seek out the fights, but the results were nevertheless spectacular, probably because the only ones who had the temerity to challenge him were the league's behemoths. "He was the toughest single fighter I ever saw in the league," says Tom Meschery, now Wilkens' assistant in Portland, then Attles' teammate. Meschery was 6'6" and hellacious, and Attles frequently would have to extricate him from fights.

The rivalries in those days were more like blood feuds. There were only nine teams and they played each other often, deepening feelings and fear of the unemployment line. Players literally fought for their jobs. The arenas were old and dim and the fans often ran onto the court to flail away in the brawls. "Our sport used to be almost like hockey," recalls Houston Coach Johnny Egan. It was not uncommon for players to grab chairs at courtside and brandish them. The NBA eventually banned movable chairs, and today any player who comes off the bench during a fight is automatically socked with a \$100 fine.

The stories about Attles have been fertilized by age. One has it that his mother came out of the stands at Madison Square Garden to make her son stop pummeling 6'8" Bob Ferry of Detroit. In truth, Attles says, she waited until after the game to discipline him, too late for Ferry's good.

Attles never put any store in reputations and he came to training camp each year convinced that he would have to win his job all over again. In one exhibition game, an ambitious rookie came downcourt and shyly hooked Attles, who was called for fouling. "Don't do it again," The Destroyer said darkly. A few plays later the rookie did it again. One punch and the youngster was flat on his back.

The referee quickly jumped on him and whispered, "Kid, stay down. It may be the last time you get up."

"He saved my life once," recalls Meschery. "Wayne Embury was going to kill me. Al held Wayne off and I've been dearly indebted ever since." Embury is now general manager of the Milwaukee Bucks, but as a 6'8", 255-pound player he could shatter you with a blind-side pick. That is what he did to Meschery, snapping him like an ice cream stick. Attles remembers what happened next: "Tom didn't know who had hit him and he yelled, 'Don't do that again or ...' Then he turned and saw big Wayne."

"Or what?" muttered Embury.

"Or nothing," replied Meschery. "Probably Attles' most famous move."

continued



AGITATION BUT A COACHLY RESTRAINT

**Rare taste.
Either you have it.
Or you don't.**

**J&B
RARE
SCOTCH**



Yes, the whiskies in J & B are rare indeed. But the essence of J & B Rare Scotch is in our uncompromising quest for perfection. For more than 100 years, no one has ever matched the rare taste of J & B. And never will. That's why J & B has it. And always will.

86 Proof Blend of 5 Grain Whisky © 1975 Paddington Corp. NY

PRO BASKETBALL

occurred during a 1965 game with the St. Louis Hawks in Omaha, when 6'9" Zelmo Beaty slugged Meschery underneath a basket. Attles took off from the free-throw line, putting a shoulder into Beaty and knocking him well up into the stands. As they rolled among the terrified spectators Beaty grabbed Attles' nose and ripped a nostril, but all present agree that it was Beaty who came away the worse for wear.

Eddie Gottlieb, one of the founders of the NBA, owned the Philadelphia Warriors when they drafted Attles in 1960. A friend of Wilt Chamberlain, then Philadelphia's big gun, had recommended Attles to the Warriors. At the NBA All-Star game this year, in which Attles coached the West team, he and Gottlieb reminisced. "I expected to stay long enough to get a ticket back to my home in Newark," Attles remembered. Actually, a few weeks into his first training camp, the Philadelphia newspapers were predicting he would be "the best fifth-round choice in history."

Despite a low scoring average and a tendency to get pulled in his heavily muscled thighs, Attles ran his share of talent out of the league. If a rookie got lazy against him, he was gone. Those were hard times. Attles would not even know the names of the new players in camp and rarely spoke to them. One of his coaches, Alex Hannum, cut players by asking them to breakfast, and an imaginative rookie told Attles, "If he asks me, I'm going to say I'm not hungry." Attles was always hungry, in a different way.

He once had 17 assists in a game and in his best season he averaged 11.2 points, but for the most part he was relatively inconspicuous. Playing with such stars as Chamberlain, and later Nate Thurmond and Barry, Attles was never a loud-mouth. In fact, his outbursts of fighting were hard to reconcile with his generally nonbelligerent demeanor. A delicate interior membrane apparently separated patience and fury, the clenched jaw and the clenched fist. Mostly, Attles saw himself as a professional, a man who worked hard at his craft, and that attitude is still with him.

The Warriors won this year with winged feet, adequate defense and new faces. Attles boldly traded away Thurmond, his big center and a popular figure in the Bay Area. He lost Cazzie Russell and Jim Barnett when Russell played

out his option and Barnett went to New Orleans in the expansion draft. Clyde Lee went unexpectedly, too, in the aftermath of a complicated deal made years earlier. Only three first-round draft choices are on the Warriors' roster: Barry, Butch Beard and Keith Wilkes.

Wilkes, the rookie from UCLA, is the first top draft choice the Warriors signed since Attles took over in 1970. Crippled by dwindling finances, the team in effect gave away the rights to Pete Maravich one year and twice lost its top pick to the ABA. Another first-rounder turned out to have a drug problem. One spring the team even tried to draft a woman, but league officials vetoed it.

For a man who once ran over rookies, Attles has an uncommon sensitivity to their problems. For example, he rarely uses the word "rookie." He does not like its connotation. Instead he says "first-year player." His basic theory of coaching is that "I've got to be honest. When I first started, I had guys under me that I had played with. One night it all hit me. I thought, 'Maybe I'm trying to be too much of a good guy.' I took things for granted. Perhaps I was hesitant to exert my authority."

At practice, Attles' deep bass voice dominates the activity. He sounds as if he has an amplifier in his throat. Occasionally, veterans such as Barry or Jeff Mullins interject opinions. The coaching style is low-key. When a player makes a mistake, Attles is not abrasive. To make his point, he is liable to jog over, clap the offender on the back and ask mildly, "Who nailed your feet to the floor?"

Last fall, Golden State played a series of exhibitions with Los Angeles. "You could see that Al was patting their team together," says John Barnhill, the Lakers' assistant coach. "They were going to go out and hustle a team to death. He just seemed to lift them right up and make them go, and that's a tribute to Attles—the coach. A couple of their guys were telling me about practice coming to a close one day. 'How do you feel?' Al asked them. 'Fine,' said one. 'That's good,' he said. 'You can run two more laps and you'll feel even better.' They enjoy it. He makes it fun. And that's how you make a good team go, the way Attles does it."

Attles' intensity can be contagious. Even his wife Wilhelmina is a tough competitor. She and Kansas City-Omaha

continued



When Jack Nicklaus makes a great golf shot, that shot is the result of careful study and the right choice of club for the job. Making the right choice for any job can make the difference yards of difference.

Year after year, hundreds of thousands of buyers have made the right choice by choosing walking mowers, riding mowers and tractor mowers made by Murray. The next time you have a choice, think of Murray.



MURRAY

makes yards of difference.



Look for the Jack Nicklaus tag on the full line of Murray Mowers at your dealer's, or write
THE MURRAY OHIO MFG. CO., BRENTWOOD, TENN. 37027

Latest
U.S. Gov't report shows:

Iceberg 100's lowest in tar of all menthol 100's.



**Iceberg
100's**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Oct '79

PRO BASKETBALL *continued*

Guard Jimmy Walker played Al and another fellow a tennis match recently. Wilhelmus fell during the game and went off to the hospital to get a few stitches in her face, but returned to finish the game and to win.

As a player, Attles never made more than \$30,000 a season. Now he lives with his family in a handsome, well-appointed contemporary house that sits so high in the hills above Oakland that occasionally there is snow on the driveway. The house is part of the evidence that Attles ranks among the league's successful coaches. The 239 regular-season victories he has had since taking over in the middle of the dismal 1969-70 season are additional proof. In his second full year as coach, the Warriors won 51 games, and they have been winning ever since.

When they were teammates Attles and Chamberlain were close friends and they still see each other if circumstances permit. They are an incongruous pair, since Chamberlain has the reputation of being a playboy while Attles does not drink, smoke or use angry words and likes nothing better than to stay home and eat ice cream with the family.

One of the stories about Attles involves Chamberlain's 100-point game. That night in Hershey, Pa., Attles had perhaps his biggest thrill, too, hitting on all of his eight field-goal attempts and making his lone free-throw try. It was a perfect game—and the story goes that he was peeved that no one noticed. That, says Attles, is pure embellishment. He was not upset at being overshadowed. In fact, he says, only two weeks before Wilt's accomplishment he had predicted to a newspaper friend that some day Chamberlain would score 100.

It was Chamberlain who once offered testimony to Attles' proficiency with the holy punch. During his fight with Bob Ferry in Madison Square Garden—the one in which his mother did or did not intervene—Attles spun Ferry to the floor and jumped on top of him. Chamberlain, meanwhile, was wading through the rest of the players, scaling them left and right like so many Frisbees. He reached Attles, pulled him from the senseless Ferry and carried him off under his arm, like a loaf of bread. Later the writers wanted to know if Chamberlain was worried for his buddy's safety. "Worried?" sputtered Wilt, his face equal parts disgust and incredulity. "I had to get to my boy before he killed Ferry."

END

Why is Cadillac a leader in resale value?

One reason could be Cadillac's tradition of excellence. It's as meaningful today as it was in the days of the 1930 Series 452-A Roadster... and before. Another reason could be Total Cadillac Value. It's the value that is inherent in every Cadillac when you buy it... when you drive it... when you trade it. And that could be why Cadillac traditionally has the highest resale value of any U.S. luxury car make. Total Cadillac Value. It explains a lot of things.

Cadillac  '75



GM is a registered trademark of General Motors Corporation.
Cadillac Motor Car Division



While Jeannie Morris (center) gleefully grips a mike, 'cater-columnist-coed Liz Bishop (top) takes notes on Albany State football, Anita Martini (above) pumps Otter Tommy Maxwell and CBS's Jane Chastain quizzes the Giants' Pete Anthus



GETTING INTO THE PICTURE

Now that women have a voice in sportscasting, TV has a sassy ingenue, a Venus in blue jeans, a Martini Conglomerate, a mother-author and even a first lady

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK



CONTINUED

It is really surprising that a member of the very sex that burns the toast can announce a hockey score as "Detroit 2, Red Wings 0"? Is it truly unbelievable that a delegate from the same gender that gets hysterical over Lucille Ball can report a result from the golf tour as "Johnny Miller fired a 68 today to take a two-point lead"? Is it so incredibly astonishing that a woman, the same type person who can't think, can't talk, spends all the money and ruins all the marriages, should be expected to do anything but destroy our beloved college football scoreboard by reading the losers' scores first and by pronouncing the revered Fighting Illini as "Ill-noise" and the hallowed sooney pig Razorbacks as "Arkan-saw"?

No. Not at all. In fact, women have done all of those things right out there on the airwaves of America. And, in the process, have made themselves look just

about as inept, just about as often, as men.

Women have long since stormed the redoubts of masculine sexvety, chasing scoundrels, fighting fires, collecting garbage, repairing cars, photographing rock stars, publishing newspapers, driving trucks, owning ad agencies and tearing apart the foundation of the Little League. The Watergate Five felt the wrath of a woman from the prosecution side. The people of Connecticut elected one to their statehouse. More recently Pope Paul VI approved the appointment of one to a spot in the Vatican. But no aspect of this onslaught has encountered as vehement reactions than women in sportscasting.

In the land of television, the word "talent" operates as a third person plural noun. On-the-air people, terrible personamities and generous humanitarianism all are "talent." The "talent" went out to lunch, for instance. Or, the "talent" passed out in the bathroom. The current *How-to* story has it that unless one is black, Chicano, Lithuanian or a member of some other disadvantaged minority, one does not stand the least chance of becoming "talent" on television. Unless one is of the female persuasion, of course. Then, it's a look.

Recognizing a sucker operating when they see one, women have advanced their inclusion on sports as if it were Supermarket Sweep. They have come to it from kitchens, utility rooms and tennis courts; from swimming pools, modeling agencies and Broadway showrooms, from Miss America pageants, ski resorts and soap operas. They have been hindered by directors, blindfolded in locker rooms and sidetracked by coachmen. One has been honored by having her picture stamped on milk cartons, while another has been ridiculed by operators hoisting beer bottles in her direction.

All, as Gloria Steinem might have pointed out before she disappeared to break her hair, have paid their dues. Yet they are continually bad-mouthed, subjected to chauvinistic ridicule and exist in limbo. Their lot isn't helped by bosses such as the TV producer in *Manhattan* who hired a woman and retained her, Bronco. He went on record as to what he figured it would be like to have a dumb-looking blonde make football predictions. Neat, indeed, the dumb blonde was correct on 75% of her first and 76% of her Big Ten predictions last fall.

At least womencasters are being noticed. Art Buchwald wrote that he was taken aback by a surprise when he heard this strange high-voice character on a TV football game. He said he thought Pat Summitt had had a serious operation. "How could a multibillion dollar network invade the homes of 30 million beer-drinking, potato chip eating, red-blooded American football fans with the voice of a girl?" Buchwald wrote. "... she has no more business on TV football games than Howard Cosell has in *The Waltons*."

Even Paul Halberstam, Jr. of the Vietnam chronicles and the Pulitzer Prize took a few moments off to mention how matters to address the current's ongoing aspect of television sports coverage. CBS has just come up with a woman sportscaster, wrote Halberstam in *Vietnam*. "CBS just hired a woman sportscaster. So get out of the room. The work really isn't hard. It could be done the work of 100,000 Kuli."

And that is "fine to go to." In a time crowded with so many women



Pittsburgh's Lee Arthur has left the KDKA desk to strike out on her own.

sportscasters, whose number seems to be increasing faster than one can switch the channel selector to find them, it was established that even if the women are not the greatest thing to hit the tube since the washed-up country quarterback, they are odds-on favorites over Peter Puck and Sonny Hill.

Though hardly a thorough profile of all female commentators—those working in New York, Boston, San Francisco, Baltimore and San Diego are prominent absentees—this study was made with an open mind and no malice aforethought. It was designed to investigate the species, their careers, travails, hopes, dreams and earned run averages. Furthermore, it is presented with the firm reminder that as shaky as the women have been to this point, they are probably no worse than most of the moneymen who besmirch the English language and act a whole lot dumb.

During this study, in fact, came the spectacle of CBS's new pro basketball commentator, Oscar Robertson, the Big O himself, nervously engaged in an interview with Bill Walton in the Portland Trail Blazers' dressing room. Armed with three questions that he seemed determined to ask come fire or flood, Robertson bore in on his subject. The season was two weeks old. Portland was already three games behind Los Angeles. There were only 75 or 750 or 750,000 games left in the sensational Pacific Division race. And Robertson actually said, "O.K., just one more question, Big Bill, and we'll let you hit the shower. Can you still catch the Lakers?"

If a woman had uttered that remark, a stake would have been planted in mediand and the network would have had another Joan of Arc on its hands. As it happened, the Big O got clean away with one of the most incredibly stupid questions in the history of television. So much for equal justice before the law.

KEEP THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS

"Someday," says Jane Chastain, "I'll remember how to answer these women who ask, 'Why aren't you home with your husband and taking care of the kids?' I'll say, 'Why are you so cruel? My husband has just been locked up in an insane asylum, and I'm sure you've read that I'm sterile.'"

Such humor must have served Chastain well over the long weeks of her struggle to catch on as the first lady of TV sports. When CBS hired Chastain, she had already done 12 years of television sportscasting in Atlanta, Raleigh and Miami. Her first assignment with the network was as an analyst at a women's bowling tournament. Before the telecast, she spent most of three days at the lanes, talking to bowlers and learning the nuances of the game. Next, she worked on a football broadcast from Chicago, during which she primarily read scores, then did another game in Denver, where the roof fell in. The network's switchboard lit up with over 1,000 calls of outrage. Derogatory letters poured in. Chastain was stunned.

"It's impossible not to make a few mistakes in a 2½-hour game," she says. "But I prepared and did a credible job. I mentioned that it was the first time all year Denver had scored in the second period; that Jim Turner, the Bronco kicker, also played quarterback at Utah State for Denver Coach John Ralston the year the Aggies met current Bronco Quarterback Charley Johnson's New Mexico State team in the Sun Bowl. Trivia items like that.

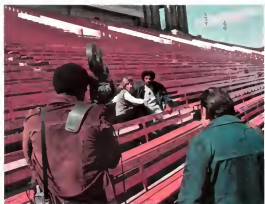
"My thing isn't color and trivia, or

talking to wives and cheerleaders. I am better doing serious analysis. That takes getting used to, but what CBS has done is shove me down people's throats without warning. The fans in Miami know that I can do football. The fans in New Orleans had seen me for two straight weeks doing the Chicago and Denver games, and there were hardly any complaints from those places. It takes time to gain credibility before people will stop hating me."

If Chastain's manner seems too austere—on occasion her tendency is to look and act as if she were doing the sideline color in Vietnam—it may be a result of her background as a straight reporter. Since her inauspicious beginnings, she has become looser and more underwhelmed. Her artful interview with Bill Walton was the first to reveal his rift with the Portland management over the administration of medical drugs, and her sideline work at the Sun and Cotton bowls was commendable.

Chastain, 32, was born Jane Steppe (her husband, Roger Chastain, is an automobile-parts designer and amateur road racer), the daughter of a mortician who moved from Tennessee to the backwoods of Georgia when Jane was an infant. She had buck teeth and a

continued



Football wife Morris has tangled with Bears and helped to cover Super Bowl IX.

Fresh Thinking From The



Glass never looked better than it does today. On the shelf. And in your cost accounting. No other package can match its flexibility or consumer acceptance. Economics? It's a whole new ball game. O-I makes the most of glass packaging with total customer service, plus a network of 20 plants to meet your growing needs.

We've got a handle on the market for laundry products in plastic containers. We saw the growing trend to liquid washday products. And developed the machine technology to produce these large-size containers efficiently. What else do alert marketers like about O-I Plastic Products? Design innovation. Full-range size and shape capability. Coast-to-coast plant network.

Our computer helps design corrugated packaging for peak efficiency. O-I packaging engineers use a unique computer-assisted program called Com Pak™ to pick the best combination of primary package, shipper and pallet arrangement. The more corrugated you use, the more you need ComPak.



Packaging Company.



New applications keep coming along for O-I's "Better Bottle"—Plasti-Shield™.

We introduced it for soft drinks. And now it's moving into juices, fruit drinks, cooking oil, condiments, and who knows what next. One reason: its wrap-around insulating jacket makes a great background for compelling graphics. And cushions the trip through distribution.

O-I, the Can People? It's happening. Start with our broad line of composite cans for such products as oil, juices and snack foods. With the easy-open SafeRim™ end. Then add a brand new plant producing seamless two-piece metal cans for beer and soft drinks. We're new in the business. But we're starting with the latest technology.

For tamperproof protection in glass, O-I is developing the Plasti-Shield® Top Wrap machine application system. This foam plastic wrap shrinks tight over the entire neck to tip off any attempt to tamper. Shows off the brand name beautifully, too. Another example of how O-I keeps customers ahead of trends in packaging. With technology. And creativity.



Nobody beats the Lilypak® System for trouble-free filling. That's how Lily got to be a leader in dairy products packaging. Lilypak fills, seals, wraps and cases at high speeds. And you guessed it. Lily also supplies a complete line of plastic and paper containers matched to the system.



OWENS-ILLINOIS

Toledo, Ohio 43666

How did Dodge Colt put so much in such a little car?

Thrifty
four-cylinder engine.
30 mpg*

Tinted glass

Reclining bucket seats
Carpeting

Sorry, you'll have to
provide your own driver.

Four-speed transmission
(five-speed in the GT)

Bumper guards
— front and rear

Front disc brakes

Flow-through ventilation

Locking gas cap

Adjustable steering
column

Introducing the '75 Dodge Colt Carousel hardtop. It comes with all the good things listed here, as do all the other Colt models: 2-door coupe, 4-door sedan, 4-door wagon and the Colt GT. **Prices start at \$2,945.****

*Based on EPA test results for 1975 Dodge Colt, 1600 cc engine, 30 mpg highway cycle and 20 mpg city cycle.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for a '75 Dodge Colt coupe. Not included are state and local taxes, destination charge, license and title fees, and Dealer preparation charge, if any.

NO. 1 FOR THE MONEY IS DODGE



thick drawl. She remembers sleeping close to the embalming room in her house and keeping the family's dog quiet while mourners waited down the hall. It is a tale almost identical to the one constantly related by Ann-Margret about her youth, and equally ghoulish.

The Stappes moved to Atlanta because it was the nearest place where they could purchase braces for their daughter's teeth. And they sent her to a modeling school and dancing classes to overcome her awkwardness.

Mr. Stappe was a sports addict who, Jane says, "only recently forgave me for being a girl." The old man must have been proud when his daughter, just two years out of high school, became "Coach Friday," a glamorous character who predicted football results for an Atlanta television station and occasionally was rewarded with a pic in the face when her prognostications were wrong. Since then Chastain has been in syndication with 195 different short segments explaining sports. She established a solid reputation throughout Florida.

"Tokenism!" she says. "I can't accept that. I've been doing this too long. I have too much confidence in my ability to believe some 'movement' helped get me hired. 'Attractive' is not an acronym for 'intelligent.' Joe DiMaggio once looked at me and said, 'You do know what you're talking about.' Right then the interview stopped being a bore. I'm the first to ask why the touchdown pass was dropped or why somebody didn't play the shooter up tight. My whole life has been hard news, but on the network I've been through more wife interviews already than I had been in the last 12 years. I just want to go back to being a reporter and get into the meat stories. I didn't go with CBS to be a celebrity."

The Chastains live near Fort Lauderdale with a pet squirrel. Recently they decided to give up a couple of their favorite restaurants because too many autograph seekers were interrupting them. That is a far cry from the climate prevailing when she arrived in Miami six years ago and was met with open hostility and a cameraman whose career seemed bent on having her fired. Bad camera angles, screaming scenes and general uncooperation followed Chastain says that for a year she cried every day during the hour's drive home from work

before the atmosphere finally cleared and she was accepted.

Vestiges of animosity still remain at the network level. During a late-season regional telecast of a Houston-Dallas football game, Chastain was busy doing sideline interviews when the only touchdown of the contest was scored by the Cowboys' Doug Dennison. Left unprotected by the director who did not relay any information to her, Chastain asked along the Dallas bench and was told that Robert Newhouse had run in for the six points. During her minute-long live feed into the national game of the week, Chastain reported this misinformation and, in addition, was so flustered she called the Houston team the Astros instead of the Oilers.

It was a moment she had diligently prepared for all week, and it was botched. What Chastain did not know was that a member of the CBS staff called down from the press box to the network's truck to inform the crew about her error. The director picked up the phone and said, "We know it. That's all right. She doesn't know what she's talking about anyway."

That incident provoked Chastain into demanding better communication and longer advance notice of her assignments. She says things have been improved ever since. At the same time, she was promised chances to work as a lead announcer, a position she already has filled at the American Professional Surfing Championships. Chastain will be seen in similar roles at other events before and after the birth of her first child, who is due in July. The extent of her success after only seven months at CBS probably is best indicated by the network's hiring of two other women sportscasters.

SPLENDOR BEHIND THE GLASS

At the U.S. Open golf tournament two years ago, Lee Arthur, then of KDKA, Pittsburgh, showed up at the Oakmont Country Club clad in a skimp of a tank top and a short, short skirt. Since she was doing live interviews, the folks at home got a load of Arthur almost as soon as the gasping crowds at Oakmont did. Immediately, stadium officials received so many calls of protest that Arthur's cameraman was ordered to avoid her bare middle and shoot the rest of the interviews from the neck up. "I'm the only

woman in history to be sunk by her own navel," Arthur said. It was a typically glib and gleeful reaction from sportscasting's own ingenue.

Arthur says she is not the prettiest sportscaster in the country—"Frank Gifford is"—and she says it is difficult to get her best side on camera "because I'm sitting on it." She says the photograph of her and Jim Brown that she has in her apartment 16 floors above the Golden Triangle in downtown Pittsburgh was taken "just before Jimmy threw me out the window."

Arthur says to make it as a woman sportscaster a girl must have "all-day make-up, a credential and a strong bladder. Jimmy the Greek had it 50 to 1 against me making it. Then he saw me at the Evel Knievel jump and changed the odds to 5 to 1. I forget what I had on."

Arthur is not as frivolous as she seems. Athletes seeking her companionship are said to meet stiff resistance. "Listen," she says, "they're on enough of an ego trip as it is. What I need is someone to put me on an ego trip."

"Athletes are physical types," Arthur points out. "Not wearing a bra seems to make somebody interesting to them. But I won't date them. I avoid parties. Guys have opened up about their personal lives to me in interviews, and I know too much. I protect people. I'm no Rona Barrett."

"I'm sure some guys do their locker-room number on me, but as long as I never date them, their scripture and verse will be inaccurate."

There have been times when it has been a struggle for Arthur to understand the complexities of sports, but objective observers—even non-sexist ones—agree that she is the announcer any director would be most likely to choose if Muhammad Ali had a rematch with George Foreman on a desert island off Borneo. That is a terribly chauvinistic thought, but true, nonetheless.

When Arthur originally entered TV in New York, a newspaper reviewer called her scorecard show "consistently surprising." As Pirate Manager Danny Murtaugh got ready for his team's home opener against Montreal last year, Arthur's first question was, "Danny, do you plan anything different for the Expos?" And Bill Currie, the KDKA sports director and the former "Mouth of the South" who wields an acerbic tongue,

continued

once called Arthur, "a functional illiterate." Now he credits her with "the guts of a mountain lion. Lee is rah-rah and never got over being a fan, but she probably knows more sports than I do. I'm wrong more than I am right, and care-less, too. But they don't get on me, just her."

Another man deep into the Pittsburgh sports scene is less complimentary. "The greatest handicap in the world is being dumb—unless you are beautiful," he says. But then the same observer compromises his objectivity somewhat when he offers the belief that "A girl is really not qualified to report sports unless she grew up as a leban playing for the Chicago Cardinals."

Arthur grew up as the daughter of an Air Force colonel and attended two colleges before getting an English degree from Butler. She went through two unsuccessful marriages—her two sons often visit her in Pittsburgh—before making the jump into show business with roles in summer-stock productions of *Carousel* and *Kiss Me Kate*. Later in New York she ran the gamut of the daytime soap operas. *Secret Storm* included, and danced and sang in the chorus of the Broadway production of *Fiddler on the Roof*. Subsequently she went through "a super hanging-around period" before making a leap into sports after a trip to the Mexico City Olympics.

Arthur's theatrical background has provided her with unique insights into sports. She once interviewed a Steeler on how he put on his helmet "without squishing his Afro." She became increasingly concerned about "the youthful hurts" athletes at the University of Pittsburgh suffer. She makes the interesting observation that a golf ball never seems to be hit. "They drive it, hook it, slice it, loop it, fade it, shank it and putt it," she says, "but then do they ever hit it?"

Above all, Arthur has a recurring fantasy that someday she will sing the national anthem at a spectacular event. She recently quit KDKA with a year remaining on her three-year contract in order to strike out as a free-lancer in pursuit of the countryside attention that she craves. Pittsburghers would have been satisfied if she just had stopped pronouncing nearby Juniata College as "Waneta." If Arthur could get a few things like that straightened out, then she'd be sure to hit it.

THE MARTINI CONGLOMERATE

"Augie Donatelli is an ancient empire who has forgotten more baseball than I'll ever see."

"Gaylord Perry is so greasy, the mound should be altered with grappling hooks to hold him down."

"I was extremely upset to see the cutesy-poo tactics Henry Aaron used at the plate, stepping out of the box, calling time-out and looking bored by it all."

These are only a few pronouncements on the grand old pastime from the pages of *Fun In Houston* magazine, a monthly entertainment periodical published in Houston that is co-owned by a brown-haired, lollipop-checked conglomerate by the name of Anita Martini. No kidding.

Martini, a baseball expert, offered those opinions in her regular column. Her partner, Nelda Pena, a basketball expert, is more subtle. She once mentioned in her column that Cliff Meely of the Houston Rockets hadn't learned team play. "Cliff hasn't shown me much," wrote Pena, "beyond suiting out for three years."

In addition to *Fun*, Martini and Pena run a public relations business, Creative Concepts, that has handled the promotion of everything from energy-crisis seminars to motorcycle races to the opening of the Adam's Apple restaurant. In the past year Martini has been the major-domo in the promotion of four Southwestern Athletic Conference football games. She has appeared regularly on Sports Feedback, a phone-in program on KPRC radio. She has done film reports as well as three half-hour sports specials, one of them entitled *Martini Time*, on KPRC-TV. A fourth special on baseball is in the works. She has pioneered the use of live-camera remote interviews during hockey and basketball games. She served as color commentator on the Houston-Tulsa college football game. And she does live radio spots nightly from Houston for a New England station, and will be a regular on the Astros' radio and television pre-game shows this season.

"I make mistakes," she says. "My voice is awful. I ask long, convoluted questions in interviews. I can't make any money and I despair of going anywhere. All I know is, if the networks or somebody give me a chance, I can handle it. I've got it up here." She points to her temple. "I can think."

When Leo Durocher managed the Astros, he was fond of saying, "I'd lead off with Anita if I thought it would win games."

Baseball has been in Martini's blood since she was a tyke in Galveston, an asthma-ridden girl who read voraciously and listened to the Yankees on the radio during her shut-in periods. Her affluent family owned the old Martini Theatre, and Anita got to meet Sophie Tucker, Chill (the Voice of Francis the Talking Mule) Wills and that gang. On her 12th birthday her father presented her with a trip to anywhere she wished. Martini chose Yankee Stadium.

After graduation from Stephens College, Martini worked as a window dresser, secretary and sportswear buyer. She married a European, moved to Houston and got divorced. In 1967 she joined *Fun* magazine as an editorial assistant. Four years later she owned it.

According to KPRC President Jack Harris, a bruised ego and the insecurity of the station's sports director made Martini just another face on the cutting room floor until an edict came down from above to include shots of her in all her interviews. Now Harris says he is grooming Martini for bigger things.

Martini is not optimistic. At age 36, she has been waiting a long time. "What burns me is the networks are looking for women to accomplish something their men haven't done yet," she says. "I'm not capable of doing a perfect game, but neither is any man."

"On the network telecast of an Oilers' game this fall, the only thing the announcers mentioned about David Beverly, the punter, was that he once played at Buffalo. Beverly was one of the reasons for Houston's turnaround this season. Dan Pastorini couldn't punt because of a pulled hamstring, and he needed to be rested anyway. The Oilers picked up Beverly as a free agent during the off-season. He came through beautifully. These big-time network honchos didn't know what was going on."

"I read those letters criticizing Chastam for her remark, 'There is no defense against a perfectly thrown pass,'" says Martini. "How many of these jerk men announcers have said stuff worse than that. Is ineptitude tolerated only in men?"

Anita Martini is positively unwavering in search of her goal. "I want to do the

continued

Before somebody tries to interest you in business insurance, make sure he's interested in business.



We'll never demean the value of a lot of social contacts for any insurance agent. But if that's all a man has going for him, forget it.

Business insurance is complex. And changing every day. An agent has to be all business just to keep up.

That's why Lincoln National Life has restructured its local offices. Yesterday's business practices just aren't good enough for today.

Many of our agencies have computer terminals. These terminals are connected to our master computer. Every fact and figure we've compiled on business insurance is at the agent's fingertips.

A special television system has



**THE
LINCOLN NATIONAL
LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY**

A Lincoln National corporation / Fort Wayne, Indiana

been installed in our local agencies. New developments in business insurance are videotaped for our agents. When they need to review what's happening they simply turn on their television sets.

We're staffing our local agencies with business specialists. Group insurance specialists. Pension specialists. Profit sharing, variable annuity and deferred compensation specialists. People who are also thoroughly familiar with the ins and outs of taxes.

A Lincoln National agent hasn't neglected the social graces. On the contrary,

It's just that he appreciates the wisdom of one of the oldest sayings in the English language.

Business before pleasure.

color on Monday night baseball," she says. "If they have the guts to hire me, I'll be great."

LIFE IN THE REDS

The most ribald sports controversy in years hit the Albany-Schenectady area last July when some members of a boys' championship baseball team were discovered celebrating their pennant victory by drinking cold duck in the dugout. A grandmother of one of the players accused the league of standing by while the youth of the region sank into degradation. On closer inspection, nobody could find that any of Albany-Schenectady's baseball champions did anything worse than get sick.

Elizabeth (Liz) Bishop wasn't on that story. But she was right there last October when Maple Hill High Football Coach Joe McCabe pulled his team from the field with six minutes remaining, in protest against Tamarac High's rough "cheap shots." Bishop not only interviewed McCabe for WRGB-TV, Schenectady, she was the first reporter to speak with the head of the league's officials and get his reaction.

Bishop is 22, a Venus in blue jeans, as Frankie Avalon used to say. Already she is a sports columnist for the Albany *Times Union* as well as WRGB's weekend sports announcer. Tom Cunningham, her editor, says that when Liz answered his help-wanted ad in the fall of 1973 she "lit up the entire room." Within six months she was writing the column, and a few months later was well enough known that the paper dropped her last name from the logo. Now it is simply *Liz*, to *Liz*.

Don Decker, her TV news director, also is enamored of his protégée. "I am aware people say Liz is on the air only because she's a knockout," says Decker, "but when she speaks at civic clubs, men have concluded she's legit."

Bishop laughs at the recollection of the time Decker was quoted as saying that no matter how pretty she was, she'd better get the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute hockey score right. "If there's anything I'm sure of," she says, "it's the RPI hockey score."

But her assignments aren't only minor league. She has interviewed O.J. Simpson, B.J. King, Larry Brown and Red Auerbach, who took a look at her stacked heels and exclaimed, "What are

you doing on stilts?" When Curt Gowdy met Bishop at a local-speaking engagement, he said, "If this is what the new wave of announcers looks like, get out the white flag." That Curt, he sure is a smoothie.

In fact, Bishop is not sure which talent she should exploit. A junior at Albany State University, she affects a pleasant whimsy in her written work that enables her to refer to Tom Dempsey's record 63-yard field goal as "winning the game single-footedly", to San Diego Padres Owner Ray Kroc, the McDonald's hamburger king, as "McSilly", and to his public chastisement of his team as a "McStake." She also took former Providence College basketball star Marvin Barnes to task for his statement that he preferred working in a factory to signing a pro contract for less than a million dollars. "It might be fun to observe Marvin slaving in an assembly line," she wrote. "One hopes he could get some overtime."

"Half the fun of covering sports is being unrepentant," she says. "In the column, I can let loose and nail people, really let them have it. I don't know, though, if Albany TV is ready for opinion or funny commentary."

On the air Bishop once failed to pronounce the "r" in the second word of "Grand Prix," and she referred to Forest Hills as "Forest Lawn" because she was preoccupied with "lawn" tennis. Such *jaws* pay only have made it harder for Bishop to hide from her public, even when she puts on old jeans and a flannel shirt for a trip to the grocery. "That's always the time someone will recognize me and say, 'Aren't you Liz?'" she says. "I say 'No.' I've denied I was me to a lot of people."

One day Bishop was at lunch with WRGB's weather girl when a sophisticated patron approached and congratulated the weather girl on her show. "Oh, I know you, too," the stranger said, looking toward Liz. "You're the football!"

"I often wonder if men think I'm equipped to deal with anything but sports," Liz says. "I can't cook or sew except in a pinch, and I'd just as soon not be pinched. But I read a lot. My namesake, Elizabeth Bishop, the poetess, wrote *The Rossetis* about birds who crowed at the Crucifixion. It's really symbolic, deep, heavy."

What bothers Bishop most about TV

sports are program notes. "On ABC football Cosell must have mentioned Roone Arledge presents Frank Sinatra eight times a minute," she says. "Also, I get tired of Gowdy telling Kukek he should be sure and watch the NBC movie that week. I hope these are my future employers, but I wish they would discover me soon."

Bishop lives at home with her parents and two brothers. She says, "Do you know what size market this is? It's 42nd out of 158 listed. You got to get me out of here. I've been to Montreal and to Boston a couple of times, but let's face it, I've led a sheltered life. That's going to change. You can bet this isn't my last stop."

Anybody would be McSilly to take that bet.

MAMA BEAR

The letter read: "Dear Miss Morris, I really enjoy you, but I can't say the same for your brother. If you care to get together some night I could pick up a six-pack and meet you somewhere. Any Tuesday night would be fine as my wife has Bingo that night. Also on Wednesday, she goes to her mother's and every other Friday she teaches weight lifting. Sincerely..."

For Jeannie Morris, wife of the former Chicago Bear wide receiver, Johnny, mother of four children aged 9 to 18, author of *Brian Piccolo: A Short Season*; newspaper columnist; onetime harsh critic and respected adversary of the Bears and Papa Bear George Halas himself, sports announcer for WMAQ, Chicago, and a recent returnee from a year-long sabbatical traveling with her family in a camper throughout Europe, it is her favorite letter. She says it is a good example of the "semi-mash" notes one in her position gets. It is typical of the mentality in Gary, Ind., from which it came, she adds.

Morris was riding in a black limousine to Tulane Stadium in New Orleans on a dismal, rainy Super Bowl Sunday. Having awakened at 5 a.m. to a clap of thunder, taken breakfast in bed while her husband slept and stumbled downstairs to meet the other passengers, Morris was on her way to her first live appearance on national television.

She is a transplanted Californian who grew up listening to football games on the car radio out in the driveway. In col-

continued



Regular Titleist



Pro Trajectory

At the Masters the pros were telling you how to get more accuracy.

At the Masters, where an accurate shot can mean thousands of dollars to a pro, more pros were playing a thin, balata-cover Titleist than any other ball. And that tells you something.

It tells you that a thin-cover ball is the only ball for you if you're looking for maximum accuracy and control. The reason: a thin balata cover puts extra spin on the ball. And spin is what sends the ball right where you want it.

Then, too, Titleist's unique wound construction, plus Titleist's aerodynamically designed dimple pattern, give you more distance than you expect from any other ball.

Which helps explain why the pros choose Titleist over every other ball, in every tournament. (And remember, we don't hand-pick balls for the pros. The Titleists they play are production-line balls. They get exactly what you get when *you* play Titleist.)

This year there are two balata-cover Titleist golf balls: The Regular Titleist, designed to give average drives an upward boost for extra yardage. And the new Pro Trajectory Titleist, designed to maximize distance for good golfers who hit the ball high and hard.

You don't have to talk to the pros to find out you should be playing one of these balls. All you have to do is watch them.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT 

The pros are telling you to play Titleist.

make your next golf cart your last golf cart.



Some golf carts are built to last a few seasons. Bag Boys are built to last a few decades.

A Bag Boy has a frame of high-strength bolted together, die-cast aluminum alloy. It doesn't rust. No rivets to pop. If a part works loose or breaks, you don't have to send your cart back to the factory for repairs. You can fix it with a wrench. Or at worst, with a new part and a wrench.

Besides lifetime reliability, Bag Boy gives you energy saving features like a Shepherd's Crook Handle, Blue Spring Steel Suspension, Pre-lubricated, ball bearing wheels. And a reliable fold-up system that keeps on working fold-up after fold-up.

So get on down to your Sporting Goods Dealer or Pro Shop and test drive a Bag Boy. And make your next golf cart your last golf cart.

Bag Boy GOLF CARTS

AMERICAN EXCLUSIVE COUNTRY

FREE CATALOG: Contains a full description on all Bag Boys. Friday \$31.95 • Bag Boy from \$28.95 • Clubster \$22.95 • Write: Engineering Dept. 033 Morgan, Utah 84050. *Suggested retail price.

Copyright © Engineering 1975

IN THE PICTURE *continued*

lege she dated "eggheads" while her husband went around, she says, "chasing skirts." This is the second marriage for both, and they surely must be the only husband-wife sports-announcing combination in the land. Johnny already had concluded his Super Bowl chores for WMAQ and NBC, but Jeannie was in the thick of hers. She had been chosen by the network to assist in its coverage of the big game. "I'm starting out too curly," she said, touching up her hair. "I'm going to end up too straight."

At 10 a.m. Morris watched a tape of the pregame show on which she had interviewed Steeler Owner Art Rooney. It is a cynic's fervent plea that an enemy of Rooney be found forthwith, but, as Morris observed, "He is one of the grand people." In the interview Rooney said, "When you lose, you're dumb. I'm the only really dumb owner left in the league." On the same program Jack Perkins of NBC news in Los Angeles decided football was "a business". Joe Namath dwelt on "the enormity of it all", and Don Meredith called Steeler Coach Chuck Noll "Chuck Knox." Morris got to ask three questions.

Waiting in the interview room hard by the Steelers' dressing quarters a few minutes later, Morris sewed a belt loop on her raincoat. "You'll have to leave, ma'am," a guy in an orange hat said, "the players are arriving." Morris said she was supposed to stay. "O.K.," said orange hat, "but don't peek through these doors."

"Tell the Steelers not to peek over here, either," Morris said. "There are women in here."

Shortly thereafter Morris was fitted with an earphone-antenna apparatus she would need for her postgame appearance. She was to interview the crowd outside the players' locker rooms, an area that even before the game was surging with inebriated humanity. "Is this going national?" one man screamed at the NBC personnel. "What the hell is this? Answer me."

As she walked through the crowd, Morris muttered under her breath something about danger. "Maybe if I get knocked down, I'll finally make John Chancellor," she said.

In the NBC clients' section of the press box there were no clients. It was too cold. Only Morris, her husband, Perkins, a stadium policeman and a couple of freeload-

ers hung on as the wind roared, the temperature dipped and the Super Bowl wound down. Perkins, who was to join her on the postgame show, had long since left for shelter when Morris exited the press box with six minutes left in the game. The press elevator was being held for Commissioner Pete Rozelle, so Morris rushed down the ramps and made a broken field run through the masses in the tunnels, breathlessly hoping to reach her post at time.

By the time she arrived at the gates, both teams had run by to their lockers. Rain was falling once more. The noise was deafening, with the unmistakable sound of maniacs heavy in the air. "Interview me, interview me," a man wearing four overcoats demanded. In the distance the hoarse voice of a drunk could be heard shouting for at least 30 minutes, "Fire DeRogatis! Fire DeRogatis!" And just about everybody was screaming for the Steelers.

Morris chose to talk to a man who had won the Minnesota Viking mascot's horns on a bet, but he didn't say much other than he had won the Minnesota Viking mascot's horns on a bet. By this time Perkins had lost power in his microphone and had hurried off one dialogue with Morris using her make. Then he sauntered around in a pique, probably wondering how he could make the first flight back to the Coast.

Meanwhile Morris, confused by the chaos of directions pouring through her earphones, found two girls, and they came on screeching that L.C. Greenwood was "No. 1." Two Steeler wives persuaded the police to let them over the barricades. Then they kissed the police in appreciation. Morris gravitated toward the wives, but the postgame show was approaching a climax. Johnny Morris lingered on the edge of the showing throngs, looking for all the world like a man who considered himself fortunate that his wife had not been trampled to death.

It was nearly all over when Jeannie Morris started to walk away and go inside. A man with a camera bellowed, "Hey, Chustain, baby. Turn around. Give me a smile." The Super Bowl's first woman announcer turned around and laughed in her own sweet way. "Jane should know she's come a long way since Coach I today," said Jeannie Morris.

And so have they all.

END

The Lark Backyard Bonanza.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine. Extra Long: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report (Oct. '74)

Buy one Lark bargain item. Get the accessories free.

We'd like to get your summer off to a great start this year with a deluxe, kettle-style barbecue grill and 7 foot deck and lawn umbrella at super bargain prices. Plus free accessories when you buy either one. Or you can order the accessories separately. So send us your order. And have a lark on Lark this summer.

I'd like these Lark bargain items and free accessories:

- ☐ **Webster Kettle Barbecue Grill(s)** \$89.95 value \$53.95 ea.
Plus a Lark Mini Apron (Lady's Apron and Chef's Hat have with each grill ordered)
- ☐ **7 ft. Umbrella(s)** without Stand(s) \$39.50 value \$26.50 ea.
Plus a Lark Tablecloth and Set of Six Napkins free with each Umbrella ordered

Or these Lark Accessories:

- ☐ **Umbrella Stand(s)** a \$9.50 value \$6.00 ea.
- ☐ **Lady's Apron(s)** \$1.50 ea.
- ☐ **Tablecloth(s)** \$2.95 ea.
- ☐ **Set(s) of 6 Napkins** \$1.59 ea.
- ☐ **Barbecue Mitt(s)** \$1.00 ea.
- ☐ **Set(s) of Chef's Hat and Man's Apron(s)** \$2.50 ea.

Enclose total amount \$_____ with carton and flaps (shipping charges already included) and mail check or money order payable to:

LARK BONANZA
P.O. Box 60-1938
Minneapolis, Minn. 55440

Offer valid to persons under 21 years of age. Good only in Cont. United States except where prohibited, licensed, taxed or restricted by law. All applicable State and local laws must be paid by purchaser. Offer expires October 31, 1975. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



BRING THE WORLD'S LEGENDARY

Sports Illustrated offers you a limited-edition art collection of "Original-Autographed Sporting Prints."



JACK DEMPSEY VS. GENE TUNNEY

—recaptured in their historic second bout
Painted by Gustav Rehnberg

Each print is hand-signed by Dempsey and Tunney



JOE LOUIS VS. MAX SCHMELING

—portrayed in their highly charged second prizefight
Painted by John Peak

Each print is hand-signed by Louis and Schmeling



EDDIE ARCARO

—on Citation as the thrilling Triple Crown Winner
Painted by Daniel Chodovick

Each print is hand-signed by Eddie Arcaro



JOE DIMAGGIO

—hitting safely in his 56th consecutive game
Painted by Hansley Dimmock

Each print is hand-signed by Joe DiMaggio

A unique art-investment opportunity. Each print is available to

ATHLETES INTO YOUR OWN HOME

Each print is personally signed by the athlete himself.
And each print is custom-framed and ready-to-hang.



ARNOLD PALMER

winning his 4th Masters Tournament
Palm Beach, Florida, U.S.A.

Each print is hand-signed by Arnold Palmer



JOHNNY UNITAS

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

Each print is hand-signed by Johnny Urutau

THE MAKING OF A PRINT COLLECTION of Original Autographed Sporting Prints portrays unforgettable highlights in sports. The art, created by renowned artists, is so superb you'll actually sense the spirit of the sport in your home. And the autograph makes the print thoroughly personal. You will find there are few joys more thrilling the possession of enduring art. And you will have the satisfaction of knowing your print may as well be a valuable treasure that endures the years.

Strictly limited edition.

Each work is limited to only 1300 numbered prints. Therefore, at most 1900 print buyers will be able to experience the pleasure of owning each work of art. When these editions were completed, the original plates were destroyed. This series, therefore, can never again be offered. Rarity is assured.

The Presentation

These works are in an impressively large format. They measure 20" x 24". Each print is handsomely custom-framed, matted and ready-to-hang. A photograph of the actual signing and the legend of the athletic achievement is on the reverse side of the art.

The cost: \$75⁰⁰ each.

To take advantage of this unique opportunity, please complete the coupon. All applications will be treated on a first come, first serve basis. The framed hand-signed work will be shipped to you fully insured. **If not completely satisfied, return the art within 10 days and owe absolutely nothing.**

Sports Illustrated

P.O. Box 10000, Hightstown, NJ 08520

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Dempsey vs. Tunney	Joe DiMaggio
Louis vs. Schmeling	Eddie Arcaro
Arnold Palmer	Johnny Unitas

One thing you can say about the seasons of sport...



...they never run out.

To make sure you don't miss a single punt, pass, pitch, putt, save, sprint or schuss — sign on with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** every week. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** offers you a reserved seat for the best of baseball, football, hockey, basketball...the whole exciting world of sport. Whatever the game, whatever the season, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** helps you enjoy and appreciate it more. So use the attached card — and enter your subscription today. If someone's beaten you to the card, write to:

Sports Illustrated

Time-Life Building, Chicago,
Illinois 60611. Or call our toll-free
number: 800-621-8200 (in
Illinois, call 800-972-8302).



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 7-13

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: Seattle, making the playoffs for the first time, and the Houston Rockets, whose only previous postseason experience came in 1969, when they were in San Diego, played their way to winning preliminary best-of-three series against Detroit and New York. The Superstars, who were their last seven regular-season games, defeated the Pistons in three games, winning the first 90-77, losing the second 116-106 and stopping the third 90-69. In the final game Seattle took center Tom Burtonson scored 17 first-half points and Don (Duck) Watts came off the bench to score 13 and hold off a Pistons charge led by Bob Lanier's 23 second-half points. The Rockets also required three games to eliminate the Knicks, winning the first 94-84, losing the next 109-88, then clinching with a 118-86 victory before 30,218 at Madison Square Garden. In the concluding game Boston Forward Rudy Tomjanovich hit on 17 of 15 field-goal attempts and Guard Calvin Murphy popped in 29 points. In the four out-of-town conference semifinals Buffalo and Washington were knocked in 1-1, so were Chicago and Buffalo City-Denver.

AHA: Kentucky was the first team to win a conference semifinal playoff race, beating Memphis four games to one. Including 10 games at the end of the regular season, the Colonels had won 13 straight before bowing to the Hawks (107-93) in the fourth game of their series. Kentucky picked up its win in the last game 111-90 as Artis Gilmore and Louie Alcindore combined for 53 points. St. Louis led the struggling AHA defending champion New York Nets 3-1. Rookie of the Year Manu Bartholomew continued to make believers as he scored 27, 35 and 23 points in the three St. Louis victories. In the Western Conference Denver had a tougher time than anticipated against Utah but the series 3-2. Utah rookie Moses Malone scored 30 points and keyed down 12 rebounds in the third game, won by Utah 125-108. Indiana took St. Louis 3-0, winning the first three games before dropping the fourth 116-109. The Spurs could not contain Paul George Mikan who scored 25, 31, 42 and 25 points.

BRIING—VICTOR GALINDEZ of Argentina, 36-year-old, won a can over his right leg, rallied in the last three rounds to retain his World light heavyweight title with a 15-round decision over South African Pierre Lekombe, in Johannesburg.

BOL—LACK, NICKLAUS won a record fifth Masters title, his 15th, major tournament with a four-under-par last round of 68 for a 276 total. Johnny Miller and Tom Weirburgh were one stroke back (69-68).

PRO HOCKEY—NHL: The first round of the playoffs provided plenty of surprises as Los Angeles, Boston and the New York Rangers, all holding the

home-ice advantage for the two-of-a-five series were eliminated after St. Louis, Toronto, which won 4-1 against the Kings in the regular season, beat Los Angeles two games to one, Boston one sudden-death overtime and winning another. In the series which the Maple Leafs' George Pezaris and Doug Harcourt won, each scored three as goalie Gaudreault Gord McRae held off the Kings until Don Kuylen took with 6:34 to go to take the series 2-1, 3-2, 2-1. Chicago defeated the Bruins for the first time in five playoff meetings since 1927. After being outplayed by Boston 3-1 in the first round, the Black Hawks came back with 4-1 and 6-4 victories. Chicago's Cliff Koroll and 2 P. Bonle-lean both scored twice in the first game. The Bruins Phil Esposito scored four goals in the series in a losing cause. Pittsburgh made much work of St. Louis with a 4-3, 3-3 sweep. Penguin Colin Campbell beat Grahame Robb's Edmonton with a shorthanded goal scored with 15:27 remaining to win the Penguins' second win. The New York Islanders, a 3-year-old expansion club, defeated the Rangers in three straight, outscored 10-2 in record 30 penalties were scored in the second game and 3-2, 3-8, 4-3. In the final game Jolinger J P. Fane scored on a comical pass from Jack Driscoll with only 11 seconds left in sudden death to end the Rangers' season.

WHA: In the midst of best-of-seven play Houston held a 3-1 lead over Cleveland, Quebec was 3-0 against Phoenix, Minnesota was 2-1 over New England and San Diego led Toronto two games to none. The defending champion Aeros scored three goals in the final period of the 1-2 second game with the Crusaders in Marty Hall, Larry Lund and Mark Howe each scored once to blunt a two-goal Cleveland rally. Quebec's Grahame Richard Broder stepped 32 Roadrunner shots in his team's 3-0 win while defenseman Brian Hooke notched his fourth goal in three games.

HOBBSBURG—BUFFALO LARK (35-80), added by Larry Snyder, won the 51st-500 Pao American Handicap at Gulfstream Park by 2 1/4 lengths over London Company, covering the sloppy 8 1/2 miles in 2:27 1/4.

AWARDING—JOHN NABER of USC and SHIRLEY BAKASHOFF of Missouri Valley, both women, were elected as 19 American finalists were set at the AAU short-course championships in Cincinnati's Koenig Park stadium. Naber, a senior, won the 100-yard freestyle, won the event in a record 15:09.51, a whopping 4:30 seconds better than she made set last year by Mike Bruner. Her other victories came in the 100- and 200-yard backswimmers. Bakashoff set the women's 100-, 200- and 500-yard freestyle. Records were also set by 16-year-old LINDA FRANKS of Wilmington, Del. in the women's

200- (2:04.74) and 400-yard IM (4:28.91). Margaret ANDREA HARTLEY in the men's 400-yard (2:34.61), Benjamin's LIL 1:31.71. STRAND in the 200-yard IM (1:56.11), JO HARSHBARGER of Washington in the women's 1,500-yard freestyle (16:27.14), VALERIE LIF of Missouri Valley in the 200- and butterfly (2:00.92), Mike's LINDA LINGARD's MARCIA ANDREY in the 200- and breaststroke (2:08.77), DIANA DEBARRI of C. Campbell in the 100- and butterfly (1:55.51), LINDA DEBARRI of Dallas in the women's 100- and breaststroke (2:08.77) and 13-year-old NANCY GARAPAK of Nova Scotia in the 200-yard backstroke (2:02.44). USC women's 100- and butterfly relay at a record 4:35.61 and MISSISSIPPI VALHO established a new women's mark in the 800-yard freestyle relay (7:28.76).

TEAMS: The fourth-seeded team of Britain's VICTORIA ANDREA HARTLEY in the men's 400-yard (2:34.61), Benjamin's LIL 1:31.71. STRAND in the 200-yard IM (1:56.11), JO HARSHBARGER of Washington in the women's 1,500-yard freestyle (16:27.14), VALERIE LIF of Missouri Valley in the 200- and butterfly (2:00.92), Mike's LINDA LINGARD's MARCIA ANDREY in the 200- and breaststroke (2:08.77), DIANA DEBARRI of C. Campbell in the 100- and butterfly (1:55.51), LINDA DEBARRI of Dallas in the women's 100- and breaststroke (2:08.77) and 13-year-old NANCY GARAPAK of Nova Scotia in the 200-yard backstroke (2:02.44). USC women's 100- and butterfly relay at a record 4:35.61 and MISSISSIPPI VALHO established a new women's mark in the 800-yard freestyle relay (7:28.76).

TRACK & FIELD—STEVE SMITH broke his own world professional indoor pole-vault mark by clearing 16'4" at an IFA meet in Portland, Ore. Smith's previous record of 16'2" was established in Montreal earlier this year.

HOCKEYS—NAMED DICK DIBARDO, 38, as head basketball coach at Stanford. Dribardo, an assistant at Notre Dame to Coach Phyllis for four seasons, replaced Howard Edelman, who retired earlier this year.

NAMED BILL FOSTER, 38, head basketball coach at the University of North Carolina-Charlotte, to the same post at Clemson.

RETIRING RALPH (Shag) JORDAN, 64, as head football coach at Auburn, following the 1973 season. His career record stands at 177-77-7. The Tigers' offensive coordinator, Doug Barfield, 26, has been named to succeed Jordan.

DIED HENRY FORREST, 67, trainer of more than 2,000 champions, including Kentucky Derby winner Kanan King (1966), of a heart attack, in Lexington, Ky.

DIED FRED FRENDELR, 43, head football coach at Bucknell University, of a heart attack in Lewisburg, Pa. His five-year record was 23-31-1, including a 3-0 mark last year, which gave Bucknell its first winning season since 1965.

CREDITS

4—match by Roy Brown, 19—Stephen Green-Johnston, 19—Schmidt, 20, 21—Paul Lewis, Eric Schmidt, 22, 23—Nancy Lewis, Eric Schmidt, 24, 25—Marty Lewis, 26, 27—Walter Lewis, 28—John Lewis, 29—John C. Johnson, Walter Lewis, 30, 31, 32, 33—The Scott, 34, 35—Joe Schaefer, 36, 37—The New York Times, 38—The New York Times, 39—The New York Times, 40—The New York Times, 41—The New York Times, 42—The New York Times, 43—The New York Times, 44—The New York Times, 45—The New York Times, 46—The New York Times, 47—The New York Times, 48—The New York Times, 49—The New York Times, 50—The New York Times, 51—The New York Times, 52—The New York Times, 53—The New York Times, 54—The New York Times, 55—The New York Times, 56—The New York Times, 57—The New York Times, 58—The New York Times, 59—The New York Times, 60—The New York Times, 61—The New York Times, 62—The New York Times, 63—The New York Times, 64—The New York Times, 65—The New York Times, 66—The New York Times, 67—The New York Times, 68—The New York Times, 69—The New York Times, 70—The New York Times, 71—The New York Times, 72—The New York Times, 73—The New York Times, 74—The New York Times, 75—The New York Times, 76—The New York Times, 77—The New York Times, 78—The New York Times, 79—The New York Times, 80—The New York Times, 81—The New York Times, 82—The New York Times, 83—The New York Times, 84—The New York Times, 85—The New York Times, 86—The New York Times, 87—The New York Times, 88—The New York Times, 89—The New York Times, 90—The New York Times, 91—The New York Times, 92—The New York Times, 93—The New York Times, 94—The New York Times, 95—The New York Times, 96—The New York Times, 97—The New York Times, 98—The New York Times, 99—The New York Times, 100—The New York Times, 101—The New York Times, 102—The New York Times, 103—The New York Times, 104—The New York Times, 105—The New York Times, 106—The New York Times, 107—The New York Times, 108—The New York Times, 109—The New York Times, 110—The New York Times, 111—The New York Times, 112—The New York Times, 113—The New York Times, 114—The New York Times, 115—The New York Times, 116—The New York Times, 117—The New York Times, 118—The New York Times, 119—The New York Times, 120—The New York Times, 121—The New York Times, 122—The New York Times, 123—The New York Times, 124—The New York Times, 125—The New York Times, 126—The New York Times, 127—The New York Times, 128—The New York Times, 129—The New York Times, 130—The New York Times, 131—The New York Times, 132—The New York Times, 133—The New York Times, 134—The New York Times, 135—The New York Times, 136—The New York Times, 137—The New York Times, 138—The New York Times, 139—The New York Times, 140—The New York Times, 141—The New York Times, 142—The New York Times, 143—The New York Times, 144—The New York Times, 145—The New York Times, 146—The New York Times, 147—The New York Times, 148—The New York Times, 149—The New York Times, 150—The New York Times, 151—The New York Times, 152—The New York Times, 153—The New York Times, 154—The New York Times, 155—The New York Times, 156—The New York Times, 157—The New York Times, 158—The New York Times, 159—The New York Times, 160—The New York Times, 161—The New York Times, 162—The New York Times, 163—The New York Times, 164—The New York Times, 165—The New York Times, 166—The New York Times, 167—The New York Times, 168—The New York Times, 169—The New York Times, 170—The New York Times, 171—The New York Times, 172—The New York Times, 173—The New York Times, 174—The New York Times, 175—The New York Times, 176—The New York Times, 177—The New York Times, 178—The New York Times, 179—The New York Times, 180—The New York Times, 181—The New York Times, 182—The New York Times, 183—The New York Times, 184—The New York Times, 185—The New York Times, 186—The New York Times, 187—The New York Times, 188—The New York Times, 189—The New York Times, 190—The New York Times, 191—The New York Times, 192—The New York Times, 193—The New York Times, 194—The New York Times, 195—The New York Times, 196—The New York Times, 197—The New York Times, 198—The New York Times, 199—The New York Times, 200—The New York Times, 201—The New York Times, 202—The New York Times, 203—The New York Times, 204—The New York Times, 205—The New York Times, 206—The New York Times, 207—The New York Times, 208—The New York Times, 209—The New York Times, 210—The New York Times, 211—The New York Times, 212—The New York Times, 213—The New York Times, 214—The New York Times, 215—The New York Times, 216—The New York Times, 217—The New York Times, 218—The New York Times, 219—The New York Times, 220—The New York Times, 221—The New York Times, 222—The New York Times, 223—The New York Times, 224—The New York Times, 225—The New York Times, 226—The New York Times, 227—The New York Times, 228—The New York Times, 229—The New York Times, 230—The New York Times, 231—The New York Times, 232—The New York Times, 233—The New York Times, 234—The New York Times, 235—The New York Times, 236—The New York Times, 237—The New York Times, 238—The New York Times, 239—The New York Times, 240—The New York Times, 241—The New York Times, 242—The New York Times, 243—The New York Times, 244—The New York Times, 245—The New York Times, 246—The New York Times, 247—The New York Times, 248—The New York Times, 249—The New York Times, 250—The New York Times, 251—The New York Times, 252—The New York Times, 253—The New York Times, 254—The New York Times, 255—The New York Times, 256—The New York Times, 257—The New York Times, 258—The New York Times, 259—The New York Times, 260—The New York Times, 261—The New York Times, 262—The New York Times, 263—The New York Times, 264—The New York Times, 265—The New York Times, 266—The New York Times, 267—The New York Times, 268—The New York Times, 269—The New York Times, 270—The New York Times, 271—The New York Times, 272—The New York Times, 273—The New York Times, 274—The New York Times, 275—The New York Times, 276—The New York Times, 277—The New York Times, 278—The New York Times, 279—The New York Times, 280—The New York Times, 281—The New York Times, 282—The New York Times, 283—The New York Times, 284—The New York Times, 285—The New York Times, 286—The New York Times, 287—The New York Times, 288—The New York Times, 289—The New York Times, 290—The New York Times, 291—The New York Times, 292—The New York Times, 293—The New York Times, 294—The New York Times, 295—The New York Times, 296—The New York Times, 297—The New York Times, 298—The New York Times, 299—The New York Times, 300—The New York Times, 301—The New York Times, 302—The New York Times, 303—The New York Times, 304—The New York Times, 305—The New York Times, 306—The New York Times, 307—The New York Times, 308—The New York Times, 309—The New York Times, 310—The New York Times, 311—The New York Times, 312—The New York Times, 313—The New York Times, 314—The New York Times, 315—The New York Times, 316—The New York Times, 317—The New York Times, 318—The New York Times, 319—The New York Times, 320—The New York Times, 321—The New York Times, 322—The New York Times, 323—The New York Times, 324—The New York Times, 325—The New York Times, 326—The New York Times, 327—The New York Times, 328—The New York Times, 329—The New York Times, 330—The New York Times, 331—The New York Times, 332—The New York Times, 333—The New York Times, 334—The New York Times, 335—The New York Times, 336—The New York Times, 337—The New York Times, 338—The New York Times, 339—The New York Times, 340—The New York Times, 341—The New York Times, 342—The New York Times, 343—The New York Times, 344—The New York Times, 345—The New York Times, 346—The New York Times, 347—The New York Times, 348—The New York Times, 349—The New York Times, 350—The New York Times, 351—The New York Times, 352—The New York Times, 353—The New York Times, 354—The New York Times, 355—The New York Times, 356—The New York Times, 357—The New York Times, 358—The New York Times, 359—The New York Times, 360—The New York Times, 361—The New York Times, 362—The New York Times, 363—The New York Times, 364—The New York Times, 365—The New York Times, 366—The New York Times, 367—The New York Times, 368—The New York Times, 369—The New York Times, 370—The New York Times, 371—The New York Times, 372—The New York Times, 373—The New York Times, 374—The New York Times, 375—The New York Times, 376—The New York Times, 377—The New York Times, 378—The New York Times, 379—The New York Times, 380—The New York Times, 381—The New York Times, 382—The New York Times, 383—The New York Times, 384—The New York Times, 385—The New York Times, 386—The New York Times, 387—The New York Times, 388—The New York Times, 389—The New York Times, 390—The New York Times, 391—The New York Times, 392—The New York Times, 393—The New York Times, 394—The New York Times, 395—The New York Times, 396—The New York Times, 397—The New York Times, 398—The New York Times, 399—The New York Times, 400—The New York Times, 401—The New York Times, 402—The New York Times, 403—The New York Times, 404—The New York Times, 405—The New York Times, 406—The New York Times, 407—The New York Times, 408—The New York Times, 409—The New York Times, 410—The New York Times, 411—The New York Times, 412—The New York Times, 413—The New York Times, 414—The New York Times, 415—The New York Times, 416—The New York Times, 417—The New York Times, 418—The New York Times, 419—The New York Times, 420—The New York Times, 421—The New York Times, 422—The New York Times, 423—The New York Times, 424—The New York Times, 425—The New York Times, 426—The New York Times, 427—The New York Times, 428—The New York Times, 429—The New York Times, 430—The New York Times, 431—The New York Times, 432—The New York Times, 433—The New York Times, 434—The New York Times, 435—The New York Times, 436—The New York Times, 437—The New York Times, 438—The New York Times, 439—The New York Times, 440—The New York Times, 441—The New York Times, 442—The New York Times, 443—The New York Times, 444—The New York Times, 445—The New York Times, 446—The New York Times, 447—The New York Times, 448—The New York Times, 449—The New York Times, 450—The New York Times, 451—The New York Times, 452—The New York Times, 453—The New York Times, 454—The New York Times, 455—The New York Times, 456—The New York Times, 457—The New York Times, 458—The New York Times, 459—The New York Times, 460—The New York Times, 461—The New York Times, 462—The New York Times, 463—The New York Times, 464—The New York Times, 465—The New York Times, 466—The New York Times, 467—The New York Times, 468—The New York Times, 469—The New York Times, 470—The New York Times, 471—The New York Times, 472—The New York Times, 473—The New York Times, 474—The New York Times, 475—The New York Times, 476—The New York Times, 477—The New York Times, 478—The New York Times, 479—The New York Times, 480—The New York Times, 481—The New York Times, 482—The New York Times, 483—The New York Times, 484—The New York Times, 485—The New York Times, 486—The New York Times, 487—The New York Times, 488—The New York Times, 489—The New York Times, 490—The New York Times, 491—The New York Times, 492—The New York Times, 493—The New York Times, 494—The New York Times, 495—The New York Times, 496—The New York Times, 497—The New York Times, 498—The New York Times, 499—The New York Times, 500—The New York Times, 501—The New York Times, 502—The New York Times, 503—The New York Times, 504—The New York Times, 505—The New York Times, 506—The New York Times, 507—The New York Times, 508—The New York Times, 509—The New York Times, 510—The New York Times, 511—The New York Times, 512—The New York Times, 513—The New York Times, 514—The New York Times, 515—The New York Times, 516—The New York Times, 517—The New York Times, 518—The New York Times, 519—The New York Times, 520—The New York Times, 521—The New York Times, 522—The New York Times, 523—The New York Times, 524—The New York Times, 525—The New York Times, 526—The New York Times, 527—The New York Times, 528—The New York Times, 529—The New York Times, 530—The New York Times, 531—The New York Times, 532—The New York Times, 533—The New York Times, 534—The New York Times, 535—The New York Times, 536—The New York Times, 537—The New York Times, 538—The New York Times, 539—The New York Times, 540—The New York Times, 541—The New York Times, 542—The New York Times, 543—The New York Times, 544—The New York Times, 545—The New York Times, 546—The New York Times, 547—The New York Times, 548—The New York Times, 549—The New York Times, 550—The New York Times, 551—The New York Times, 552—The New York Times, 553—The New York Times, 554—The New York Times, 555—The New York Times, 556—The New York Times, 557—The New York Times, 558—The New York Times, 559—The New York Times, 560—The New York Times, 561—The New York Times, 562—The New York Times, 563—The New York Times, 564—The New York Times, 565—The New York Times, 566—The New York Times, 567—The New York Times, 568—The New York Times, 569—The New York Times, 570—The New York Times, 571—The New York Times, 572—The New York Times, 573—The New York Times, 574—The New York Times, 575—The New York Times, 576—The New York Times, 577—The New York Times, 578—The New York Times, 579—The New York Times, 580—The New York Times, 581—The New York Times, 582—The New York Times, 583—The New York Times, 584—The New York Times, 585—The New York Times, 586—The New York Times, 587—The New York Times, 588—The New York Times, 589—The New York Times, 590—The New York Times, 591—The New York Times, 592—The New York Times, 593—The New York Times, 594—The New York Times, 595—The New York Times, 596—The New York Times, 597—The New York Times, 598—The New York Times, 599—The New York Times, 600—The New York Times, 601—The New York Times, 602—The New York Times, 603—The New York Times, 604—The New York Times, 605—The New York Times, 606—The New York Times, 607—The New York Times, 608—The New York Times, 609—The New York Times, 610—The New York Times, 611—The New York Times, 612—The New York Times, 613—The New York Times, 614—The New York Times, 615—The New York Times, 616—The New York Times, 617—The New York Times, 618—The New York Times, 619—The New York Times, 620—The New York Times, 621—The New York Times, 622—The New York Times, 623—The New York Times, 624—The New York Times, 625—The New York Times, 626—The New York Times, 627—The New York Times, 628—The New York Times, 629—The New York Times, 630—The New York Times, 631—The New York Times, 632—The New York Times, 633—The New York Times, 634—The New York Times, 635—The New York Times, 636—The New York Times, 637—The New York Times, 638—The New York Times, 639—The New York Times, 640—The New York Times, 641—The New York Times, 642—The New York Times, 643—The New York Times, 644—The New York Times, 645—The New York Times, 646—The New York Times, 647—The New York Times, 648—The New York Times, 649—The New York Times, 650—The New York Times, 651—The New York Times, 652—The New York Times, 653—The New York Times, 654—The New York Times, 655—The New York Times, 656—The New York Times, 657—The New York Times, 658—The New York Times, 659—The New York Times, 660—The New York Times, 661—The New York Times, 662—The New York Times, 663—The New York Times, 664—The New York Times, 665—The New York Times, 666—The New York Times, 667—The New York Times, 668—The New York Times, 669—The New York Times, 670—The New York Times, 671—The New York Times, 672—The New York Times, 673—The New York Times, 674—The New York Times, 675—The New York Times, 676—The New York Times, 677—The New York Times, 678—The New York Times, 679—The New York Times, 680—The New York Times, 681—The New York Times, 682—The New York Times, 683—The New York Times, 684—The New York Times, 685—The New York Times, 686—The New York Times, 687—The New York Times, 688—The New York Times, 689—The New York Times, 690—The New York Times, 691—The New York Times, 692—The New York Times, 693—The New York Times, 694—The New York Times, 695—The New York Times, 696—The New York Times, 697—The New York Times, 698—The New York Times, 699—The New York Times, 700—The New York Times, 701—The New York Times, 702—The New York Times, 703—The New York Times, 704—The New York Times, 705—The New York Times, 706—The New York Times, 707—The New York Times, 708—The New York Times, 709—The New York Times, 710—The New York Times, 711—The New York Times, 712—The New York Times, 713—The New York Times, 714—The New York Times, 715—The New York Times, 716—The New York Times, 717—The New York Times, 718—The New York Times, 719—The New York Times, 720—The New York Times, 721—The New York Times, 722—The New York Times, 723—The New York Times, 724—The New York Times, 725—The New York Times, 726—The New York Times, 727—The New York Times, 728—The New York Times, 729—The New York Times, 730—The New York Times, 731—The New York Times, 732—The New York Times, 733—The New York Times, 734—The New York Times, 735—The New York Times, 736—The New York Times, 737—The New York Times, 738—The New York Times, 739—The New York Times, 740—The New York Times, 741—The New York Times, 742—The New York Times, 743—The New York Times, 744—The New York Times, 745—The New York Times, 746—The New York Times, 747—The New York Times, 748—The New York Times, 749—The New York Times, 750—The New York Times, 751—The New York Times, 752—The New York Times, 753—The New York Times, 754—The New York Times, 755—The New York Times, 756—The New York Times, 757—The New York Times, 758—The New York Times, 759—The New York Times, 760—The New York Times, 761—The New York Times, 762—The New York Times, 763—The New York Times, 764—The New York Times, 765—The New York Times, 766—The New York Times, 767—The New York Times, 768—The New York Times, 769—The New York Times, 770—The New York Times, 771—The New York Times, 772—The New York Times, 773—The New York Times, 774—The New York Times, 775—The New York Times, 776—The New York Times, 777—The New York Times, 778—The New York Times, 779—The New York Times, 780—The New York Times, 781—The New York Times, 782—The New York Times, 783—The New York Times, 784—The New York Times, 785—The New York Times, 786—The New York Times, 787—The New York Times, 788—The New York Times, 789—The New York Times, 790—The New York Times, 791—The New York Times, 792—The New York Times, 793—The New York Times, 794—The New York Times, 795—The New York Times, 796—The New York Times, 797—The New York Times, 798—The New York Times, 799—The New York Times, 800—The New York Times, 801—The New York Times, 802—The New York Times, 803—The New York Times, 804—The New York Times, 805—The New York Times, 806—The New York Times, 807—The New York Times, 808—The New York Times, 809—The New York Times, 810—The New York Times, 811—The New York Times, 812—The New York Times, 813—The New York Times, 814—The New York Times, 815—The New York Times, 816—The New York Times, 817—The New York Times, 818—The New York Times, 819—The New York Times, 820—The New York Times, 821—The New York Times, 822—The New York Times, 823—The New York Times, 824—The New York Times, 825—The New York Times, 826—The New York Times, 827—The New York Times, 828—The New York Times, 829—The New York Times, 830—The New York Times, 831—The New York Times, 832—The New York Times, 833—The New York Times, 834—The New York Times, 835—The New York Times, 836—The New York Times, 837—The New York Times, 838—The New York Times, 839—The New York Times, 840—The New York Times, 841—The New York Times, 842—The New York Times, 843—The New York Times, 844—The New York Times, 845—The New York Times, 846—The New York Times, 847—The New York Times, 848—The New York Times, 849—The New York Times, 850—The New York Times, 851—The New York Times, 852—The New York Times, 853—The New York Times, 854—The New York Times, 855—The New York Times, 856—The New York Times, 857—The New York Times, 858—The New York Times, 859—The New York Times, 860—The New York Times, 861—The New York Times, 862—The New York Times, 863—The New York Times, 864—The New York Times, 865—The New York Times, 866—The New York Times, 867—The New York Times, 868—The New York Times, 869—The New York Times, 870—The New York Times, 871—The New York Times, 872—The New York Times, 873—The New York Times, 874—The New York Times, 875—The New York Times, 876—The New York Times, 877—The New York Times, 878—The New York Times, 879—The New York Times, 880—The New York Times, 881—The New York Times, 882—The New York Times, 883—The New York Times, 884—The New York Times, 885—The New York Times, 886—The New York Times, 887—The New York Times, 888—The New York Times, 889—The New York Times, 890—The New York Times, 891—The New York Times, 892—The New York Times, 893—The New York Times, 894—The New York Times, 895—The New York Times, 896—The New York Times, 897—The New York Times, 898—The New York Times, 899—The New York Times, 900—The New York Times, 901—The New York Times, 902—The New York Times, 903—The New York Times, 904—The New York Times, 905—The New York Times, 906—The New York Times, 907—The New York Times, 908—The New York Times, 909—The New York Times, 910—The New York Times, 911—The New York Times, 912—The New York Times, 913—The New York Times, 914—The New York Times, 915—The New York Times, 916—The New York Times, 917—The New York Times, 918—The New York Times, 919—The New York Times, 920—The New York Times, 921—The New York Times, 922—The New York Times, 923—The New York Times, 924—The New York Times, 925—The New York Times, 926—The New York Times, 927—The New York Times, 928—The New York Times, 929—The New York Times, 930—The New York Times, 931—The New York Times, 932—The New York Times, 933—The New York Times, 934—The New York Times, 935—The New York Times, 936—The New York Times, 937—The New York Times, 938—The New York Times, 939—The New York Times, 940—The New York Times, 941—The New York Times, 942—The New York Times, 943—The New York Times, 944—The New York Times, 945—The New York Times, 9

tennis racquets
golf clubs
ski equipment
scuba gear
lessons
television sets
stereo equipment
cameras
projectors
kitchen appliances

sports club memberships
housewares
refrigerators
dishwashers
lawn mowers
outdoor turniture
travel packages
line clothes
hardware, tools, paint
camping needs
special services

Prices? You decide
then call in your bid,
Cash
Master Charge—BankAmericard



One-Stop Shopping

Tune-in the Channel 11 Auction
10,000 Items — All New Merchandise — 1975 Cars
April 26 through May 3

OUR IRISH WHISKEY COULD BECOME THE GREATEST NAME IN SCOTCH.

Ever since our \$20,000 Chicago Taste Testing Competition proved that Tullamore Dew was every bit as smooth and light and mellow as the leading scotches, a lot of scotch drinkers have been asking for it by name.

The wrong name.

They've been calling it "Tullamore Dew Scotch," or just "Tullamore Scotch," when, in fact, Tullamore Dew is a blended Irish whiskey.

But we understand.

You see, Tullamore Dew has a taste that is unlike any Irish whiskey, and, in the opinion of an increasing number of former scotch drinkers, actually more pleasing than the scotch they used to drink.

It's no wonder that a lot of people have switched to Tullamore Dew without realizing they were giving up their scotch for an Irish whiskey, but if the trend continues, it could get a little confusing.

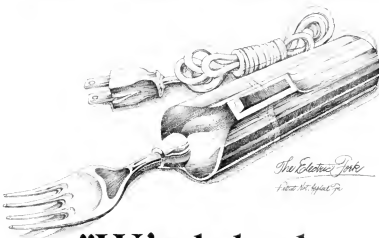
So before we find Tullamore Dew topping a list of the world's great scotches, we just want to make sure you know it for what it is: a smooth, light, mellow Irish whiskey.

Try Tullamore Dew, if you haven't already. And try, also, to get the name right.

**TULLAMORE DEW
BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY.
IT'S WHAT A LOT
OF FORMER SCOTCH DRINKERS
ARE DRINKING.**



Tullamore Dew® Blended Irish Whiskey 50 Proof Imported by Heublein, Inc. © 1978



"We've helped thousands of businesses grow. Yours is a cinch."

The way some bankers talk to prospective commercial accounts, you'd think building a successful business was a snap.

Well, that's hardly the case.

The truth is, business is a pretty rough business. It takes a good idea and an awful lot of work to make it.

And the truth is, every businessman needs all the help he can get.

Including an honest appraisal of his problems and opportunities.

So that's all we promise, if you bring your commercial account to us:

To knock ourselves out to help you make a success of your business.

And to tell you honestly how we see your situation, without pulling any punches. Because that's the only way we can work together.

True, we're not the biggest bank in town.

But we're easily big enough to do anything that needs doing.

And while we can't offer you stupendous size, we think we do offer superior service. Partly because we're not so enormously big. And mainly because that's where we get our satisfaction: from doing things a little better than the competition.

One thing we're not promising is success...you'd rightly laugh us out the door if we did.

But we'll give it our all, every step of the way.

Isn't that really what you want from your bank?



THE
American National Bank
AND TRUST COMPANY OF CHICAGO

LaSalle at Washington/LaSalle at Wacker 60690/Phone (312) 661-5000/Member FDIC



Made in
Hartford, Conn.



Made in
Lawrenceburg, Ind.



Made in
Leningrad, Russia.

Most American vodkas
seem Russian.

Stolichnaya is different. It is Russian.

Stolichnaya is the only vodka imported from Russia. It's the most expensive vodka you can buy and worth the price. It's a matter of good taste.

STOLICHNAYA

The only vodka imported from Russia.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE CRACK OF THE BAT

Sir:

What an issue (April 79) Beginning on page 36 *Images Larger than Life* shows the baseball player in his own world, "unaware of the vendor crying his wares in the stands." Twenty pages later, *Born To Be a Dodger* reveals Steve Garvey as the ultimate gentleman. And 22 pages farther on, Leo (The Lip) Durocher's story (*That Old Gang of Mine*) brings back memories of the rowdy Gas House Gang. Beautiful.

CHARLES EUCHNER

Huntington, N.Y.

PLAYER AND FAN

Sir:

Ron Fimrite's analysis of major league baseball today (*Going to Bat for the Game*, April 7) was superb. Sal Bando is an extremely articulate spokesman and his points were well taken.

By the way, I would like to see Johnny Carson work as long and as hard for the millions he makes each year. Take your \$100,000, Sal, you earn it!

LEE S. SIMONSON

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

It was very interesting to read Ron Fimrite's speculations concerning the estrangement of fan and player. He seems to have missed an important point, though. In this day of six-figure contracts, the average fan expects a professional performance from the professional athlete. Mistakes, if they are caused by a lack of hustle or a lapse in concentration, make one wonder if the high salaries paid to the pros are deserved. As Fimrite states, "The modern athlete . . . is faster, stronger and better trained at an earlier age than his predecessors." Yet, sometimes it seems that the player of today lacks the desire or guts to give an honest effort on the playing field at all times. This obscures the tremendous physical abilities to be found in modern professional athletes, adding to the estrangement of player and fan.

WILLIAM J. PAGULA JR.

Rochester, N.Y.

NOISE GUY

Sir:

Ray Blount's article on Steve Garvey (*Born To Be a Dodger*, April 7) was superbly written and a fine tribute to an exceptional athlete. Garvey is unique: no pretense, no plasticity; just real and refreshing. He is the finest gentleman to step into a Dodger uni-

form since Sandy Koufax. Who says nice guys finish last?

JOHN M. BARDOOY

Plainsburgh, N.Y.

Sir:

After the Oakland A's had won their second world championship in 1973, you put Pete Rose on the cover of your 1974 baseball issue. Now, after the A's have made it three straight, Steve Garvey pops up on the cover. What's going on? When will you give some credit to the A's in particular and the American League in general?

As for Garvey's statement that he may have had the best year ever in baseball, may I remind him of the year 1956 and Mickey Mantle? Mantle got 138 hits, scored a league-leading 132 runs and won the triple crown with 52 homers, 130 RBIs and a .353 batting average. He had a slugging average of .705 and won the Most Valuable Player award. And what is even more significant, Mantle did all this before expansion teams weakened baseball.

ROBERT FUDGE

Gardena, Calif.

ROOKIES

Sir:

"This is the best year I can recall. Well, I guess it's the best year since 1956 when Bill Russell, Willie Naulls and Tom Heinsohn came into the league."—K. C. Jones (*The Class with a Lot of Class*, April 7)

"There are more good rookies playing now than any year I can remember"—Dick Motta (*ibid.*)

In 1970 the following rookies broke into professional basketball: Charlie Scott, Dave Cowens, Bob Lanier, Dan Issel, Jim McMillan, Rudy Tomjanovich, Pete Maravich, Nate Archibald, Sam Lacey, Calvin Murphy, Geoff Petrie, Rick Mount, et al.

Marvin Barnes, John Drew, Leonard Gray, Keith Wilkes, Scott Wedman? Please remember the impact the 1970 grads had on professional basketball.

JEFF BENEDECT

Seal Beach, Calif.

MASTER CRAFTSMEN

Sir:

In your Nov. 27, 1972 college basketball scouting reports you said that UCLA's second team, including Dave Meyers, Ralph Drollinger, Andre McCarter and Pete Trgovich, could be ranked No. 1. Well, now it is

RODNEY REID

Lawton, Mich.

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's article (*What a Wit of a Win It Was*, April 7) aptly chronicled the final moments of a career that may remain unmatched in intercollegiate basketball history. The king has abdicated, and regardless of what the future may hold I agree that UCLA will never be the same. John Wooden is a master craftsman who has orchestrated Bruin basketball into a championship blend 10 times in the past 12 years, a feat that defies the imagination. What he accomplished with this year's squad must be his banner achievement. The Wooden record is awesome indeed.

FRANK R. WYNNE

Los Alamitos, Calif.

RUNNERS-UP

Sir:

Shame on Curry Kirkpatrick for taking a cheap shot at Syracuse University's NCAA semifinals. In this day and age of spoiled superstars and superteams, it was kind of refreshing for some of us to see that a few gutsy performances, dogged determination and faith in each other earned the Orangemen a trip to San Diego. Maybe the "clown in the shades" was Kirkpatrick, who failed to recognize a story when he saw it.

ROBERT H. STEELE

Fayetteville, N.Y.

Sir:

Re Barry McDermott's article *It Will Be a Horse Race* (March 31), I cannot agree with the statement that UCLA played its worst game against Montana. Could the reason be that UCLA was up against a very good defensive team, as was particularly evident in the later stages of the game?

No one can argue with the record of John Wooden. He commands great respect. However, I feel the Gonzales proved that high-caliber basketball is being played in the Big Sky Country, too. They came up with a few plays against UCLA that would make some pros look like kindergartners.

R. B. MACLEOD

Billings, Mont.

THE OTHER CHAMPIONS

Sir:

In response to the article about Old Dominion University winning the NCAA Division II championship (*Tall Men for Small Times*, March 24), I wonder if William F. Reed really viewed the game or if he was busy eating Oreos with New Orleans Coach Ron Greene. A basketball game still consists

continued

McCULLOCH's Beat-the-Crunch Month

McCULLOCH



How to save up to \$325 with a McCulloch Chain Saw

Save up to \$90 or more a cord on firewood! When you cut your own firewood with your McCulloch you make big savings. And at most national forests you can cut fallen trees free, or for a nominal charge. For information, call your local U.S. Government Forest Service Office; or inquire from State Foresters, County Extension Agents or County or City Foresters.



Save up to \$75 on pruning! Pruning, limbing, brush-clearing, storm damage clean-up — all those jobs you've had to pay others to do — can be done quickly and easily with your super lightweight McCulloch.



Mini Mac 25. Longest bar (12") in its price class, for easier, more professional cutting. Super light weight makes cutting easy and fun. Automatic oiling provides longer bar and chain life. And you really beat the crunch on price—a Mini Mac costs \$30 less today than four years ago! **\$10995***



Save up to \$85 on fuel bills! Cut rising fuel costs by using your McCulloch-cut firewood to help heat your house. Get 25% more heat from your wood by cutting now and drying for fall use.

McCULLOCH
EQUIPMENT CO., INC.
10001 Vanowen Street, Van Nuys, CA 91411

Save up to \$75 on patio furniture! Why pay high prices for redwood tables and benches, umbrella tables, other outdoor furniture, when it's so easy to build your own with a McCulloch?



Join McCulloch's Beat-the-Crunch Bunch now!

Get the best deal in town on the finest saws around at your McCulloch Dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages under "Saws".

Mac 10-10 Automatic.

No wonder over 1 million farmers, pros and weekend woodcutters swear by



our 10 Series saws — they're easy-to-handle, easy to work with, rugged and dependable. Professional features include full 16" bar, big 3.3 cu in engine automatic bar and chain oiling. **\$209.95***

*Manufacturer's suggested list price

All the "makings" for an unforgettable move.



United Van Lines
We Do MORE Than Get You There!

*In Missouri all collect calls are 1-800-225-1000

...and you'll find it's a good thing to have a good team effort.

...and you'll find it's a good thing to have a good team effort.

...and you'll find it's a good thing to have a good team effort.

...and you'll find it's a good thing to have a good team effort.

Need help in a hurry?
Use United's custom web, call toll free 1-800-225-1000, or get prompt, personalized assistance from a United Van Lines representative.

18TH HOLE continued

of two coaches and 10 or more players. Even ODU has a coach. Granted, Sonny Allen is not as round and flamboyant as Greene, but he did lead his team to a national championship and, on the way, earned Coach of the Year honors. If Mr. Reed had done further research he would have learned that five or six ODU players had averaged in double figures. What it boils down to is a good team effort.

MARK L. BOONE

Norfolk, Va.

Sir:

With your fine articles on the NCAA basketball playoffs it seems too bad that no mention was made of the National Commissioners' Invitational Tournament at Louisville. Since the NCI included teams from the Big Ten, Pac-8 and WAC, it follows that many readers would be interested in the results. My hat is off to Drake and Arizona, which played a superb final with Drake winning 83-76.

STANLEY LANG

Tucson

Sir:

I was disappointed to note that Princeton's surviving and impressive victory in the National Invitational Tournament was mentioned only in a four-line entry under Fox for the Record (March 31), whereas the NAIA, NCAA Division II and women's national championships received far more extensive coverage. Although the NIT is now merely a showcase for good teams that cannot quite reach the NCAA tournament, I believe that Coach Pete Carroll and his dedicated group of athletes deserve more recognition than you saw fit to give them.

JOHN MELZANOFF

Ann Arbor, Mich.

OLYMPIAN VIEW

Sir:

Without a doubt, David Wilkie (*Outrigger in the Mainstream*, March 24) is one of the world's greatest swimmers. The rapid improvement he has shown the past few years has really impressed me. However, with all due respect to David, why don't you write an article on a young American swimmer by the name of Tim Shaw, who set three world records last summer and is probably the greatest freestyler who ever lived, including Mark Spitz? Or how about an article on 17-year-old Andy Coan, who may be the fastest human in water? Or how about the most versatile swimmer in the world? It would have to be Steve Furness or his younger brother Bruce. Or what better subject matter could be found than John Hencken, the Rocket Man, who also happens to be the world's greatest breaststroker. And before I am labeled a male chauvinist, what about the many great American girls, like Shirley Babashoff or Kathy Heddy, who not only

continued

Slazenger

IS TENNIS
Since 1881

2522 State Road, Cornwall Heights, Pa. 16820

RONSON

Multi-Fill

fuels most
butane
lighters



From
65¢
The clean
quality butane
that won't clog.



WE'RE IN
THE PEOPLE'S BUSINESS
YMCA

Change of Address

If you're moving, please let us know
4 weeks in advance.

Attach your present mailing label
here and fill in your new address below.

Name

Street

City

State

Zip Code

Mail to: **Sports Illustrated**
341 North Dearborn St.
Chicago, Illinois 60610

For even faster service on this or other matters concerning your subscription, use 3 for new complaints, additional subscriptions, and so on.

800-621-8200
(in Illinois 800-972-8302)

To order SI check box, new, renewal subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands \$14 a year (military personnel and where in the world \$10 a year for others \$16)

Buick, everyone?



Here's a proposition as intelligent as tennis itself. Buy this special Century Special (it's V-6 powered and specially engineered for lightness and economy) and you get two Head Competition tennis rackets and racket covers at no extra charge.

You don't have to be a tennis player to appreciate this Century Special. But it helps.

Not just because you get two Head Competition I rackets (the Arthur Ashe model). But also there's something about Century Special that is compatible with the spirit of tennis. It appeals to the intellect as well as the heart.



Elegant looking, but fundamentally efficient. This special version of the Special, in addition to the special striping, comes with a pair of sport mirrors. And simulated road wheels. And custom seating. And a tilt steering wheel. But beneath those concessions to aesthetics is a car specially engineered to be lighter than a regular Buick Century. And less expensive.

The Special is also powered by an efficient and sensible engine. A Vee-six, rather adept at wringing miles out of a gallon of gas.

For instance. According to figures reported in the EPA Buyers' Guide, a Buick Century equipped with this V-6 engine got better highway gas mileage than any other American mid-sized car (24 mpg in the highway test and 16 mpg in the city test).

It's a remarkable little engine, this V-6.

For that matter, the entire automobile is one heck of a package. With or without the two Head rackets.

The tennis Century Special.

Play with one. At a participating Buick dealer. You might want to hustle a little.

The offer will only be around for a limited time.



Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.

Put some People in your life.

weekly

It's the lively new picture-packed magazine from Time Incorporated. And it's all about winners, losers, lovers, dreamers... the rich, the famous, the wise, the foolish... people who make the news or get unmade by it. You never know who you'll meet on the next page. Robert Redford... Diane Von Furstenberg... O.J. Simpson... Barbara Walters... George Plimpton... Faye Dunaway... Prince Juan Carlos... Angela Davis... Eric Clapton... Helen MacInnes... Larry Csonka.

New. Pick up a copy today.

19TH HOLE (Continued)

set world records but look good enough to model suits?

They are just a few of those who will be winning gold medals for the U.S. in Montreal. Spitz was phenomenal, but he was by no means the last of the great American swimmers. In 1976 I predict the U.S. will continue to dominate this increasingly popular sport, which consistently produces more medals for our country than any other. And who's not counting medals?

GARY HALL
Co-Captain 1972 Men's
Olympic Swimming Team

Cincinnati

MR. SNEAD

Sir:

Many thanks for the fine article on the fabulous, legendary and ageless Slammin' Sammy Snead (*How Saw the Price Is Always Right*, March 31). He is a living inspiration for all golfers, young and old. Not enough has been written about his accomplishments, although your article tells a lot about his life, the way things were and the way things are. Mr. Snead deserves special recognition and commendation for qualifying for the U.S. Open almost every year and also for teeing up in 12 or 14 tournaments each year.

WILLARD BASS JR.

Greenville, Fla.

FOLLOWING SIR ERNEST

Sir:

My congratulations on your articles about Sir Ernest Shackleton's 1914 Antarctic journey (*Unseen Hell on a Cockleshell*, March 17, and *Here None Had Gone Before*, March 24). Commander E. A. Wordley captured the atmosphere and conditions very well in his account: I had to turn up the heat while reading it. His story and the rescue left me very satisfied. Afterward, however, I had the strangest feeling I think I was hungry for a bowl of heath!

ALFRED SCHMIDT

Tumont, Minn.

TONGUE TWISTERS

Sir:

I loved the SCORF-CARD item (March 31) about Missoula Valley and Gnadenhueten Indian Valley. But I can't figure out the headline ("Talhekspeposavb"). Can you help me?

DARTON A. YORKE

Bellefontaine, Ohio

• Try "Two all-beef patties special sauce lettuce cheese pickles onions on a sesame-seed bun." — ED.

You can purchase the Envoy at any of these fine stores in Illinois

City	Dealer
Arlington Heights	Memco
Aurora	Hayden's Sport Center
Belleville	Curt Smith Spg. Goods
Bloomington	J. Howard Rose Reeds
Champaign	K's Mide Mart
Chicago	Bill Johnson Sports Gaulis Sports Morris Mages Supreme Golf Thebaud and Olsen Toco Wieboldt Stores**
Countryside	Supreme Golf
Danville	Black and Company
Decatur	K's Mide Mart
Deerfield	Dick Linton Enterprises
Dixon	Owen Sports
Elgin	Keeney Spg. Goods
Grenite City	Earls Discount Center
Joliet	Barrett's
Lansing	Cam Golf Lansing Sports
La Salle	Bob's Spg. Goods
Lombard	Memco Sportsmart
Melton	Everett & Hutton Spg. Goods*
McHenry	McHenry Favorite Sports
Moline	Guy-Temple Sportland
Morton Grove	Supreme Golf
Niles	Memco Sportsmart
Palos Heights	Palos Sports
Peoria	Brown Spg. Goods
Rockford	Mike's Sport Center Union Hall
Sikee	Emil Lauter Pee Shop
Springfield	Black and Company Hill Spg. Goods Myers Bros.
Woodstock	P. O. Knuth

*Selected stores only
**All stores

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

**The new Envoy irons
are investment cast.
They're toe-heel weighted.
They're made by Wilson.
And, best of all, virtually
everyone can afford them.**



The surprisingly inexpensive Wilson Envoy irons, as well as matching woods, are available at fine sporting goods, retail and department stores everywhere.

Wilson®

Wilson is a registered trademark that distinguishes the fine products of the Wilson Sporting Goods Co.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© B&W, Inc.

Full flavor to match
the best of times.
RALEIGH



These 7-power, 35 mm
Bushnell binoculars are yours
with free B&W coupons, the
valuable extra on every pack
of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 gifts,
write for your free Gift
Catalog, Box 12, Louisville,
Ky. 40201.